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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 7

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY
ELSIE M. WILBOR

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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

5-2292

No. 7

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELSIE M. WILBOR

NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER, 28 WEST 23D STREET
1892

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PREFACE.

IN preparing this number of WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS, it has been the compiler's aim to gather selections suitable for all occasions and for all classes of readers.

The copyrighted pieces in this collection are used by special permission, and thanks are due to:

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J. L. Harbour, for "Papa and the Boy."
F. L. Stanton, for "Rock of Ages" and "That Boy Jim."
O. F. Pearre, for "Our Heroes" and "What's the Difference?"
Agnes Carr Sage, for "The Ambitious Marguerite."
Eva Wilder McGlasson, for "Supposin'."
Ella Sterling Cummins, for "The Fan Brigade."

WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations.
No. 7.

REPENTIR DE NOËL.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

LE château de Ploerneuf était la terreur des Bretons. Les paysans faisaient le signe de la croix en passant devant, et murmuraient, "Voila le château du maudit!"

Les ronces poussaient autour du grand mur d'enceinte, et nul n'eût osé le franchir. Les valets se croisaient passant comme des ombres sans jamais élèver la voix. Personne ne parlait au maître. Seul le jeune Comte Robert trouvait grâce devant le seigneur du manoir, le vieux Duc de Kerberzoff, son oncle.

Au moment où commence ce récit, Robert était aux pieds du vieillard. Lui, livide, les yeux luisants, la figure effrayée, se tenait assis dans le grand fauteuil ducal. Il écoutait. Á côté de lui sur une colonne de porphyre brûlait une petite lampe d'or ornée des pierres les plus précieuses. Derrière, un grand nègre versait minute par minute une goutte d'huile sur la flamme. Sous la rude main du vieillard brillait une hache, car le nègre eût payé de sa vie le moindre oubli de ses fonctions. Le Duc était plus pâle que de coutume; ses longs cheveux blancs se collaient à ses tempes, et ses yeux de fou laissaient rouler des grosses larmes sur sa barbe d'argent.

"Mon cher seigneur, souffrez-vous davantage?" demanda doucement Robert.

Le Duc frissonna; il écoutait toujours. C'était Noël cette nuit-là. "Noël! Noël!" chantaient des voix dans la campagne. "Noël! Noël!" sonnaient les cloches des églises.

Alors se dressant comme un spectre: "Écoutez, Robert!" dit-il. "Écoutez!"

Depuis vingt ans le vieillard n'avait pas parlé. La voix sépulcrale résonna dans la grande salle, les armures frappées par l'écho poussèrent une plainte de fer.

" Il y a vingt ans j'avais un fils ; beau, brave et généreux, il aimait une jeune fille du peuple, et voulait l'épouser ; mais moi je refusais. Mon fils me supplia, je restais inflexible ; mon blason se fût brisé de honte ! J'avais tort, enfant ; j'avais tort. Ne sois jamais orgueilleux ; c'est un péché mortel."

Les sanglots coupèrent la voix du vieux Duc, mais il reprit.

" La fille était belle et vertueuse entre toutes. Je lui offris de l'or ; elle refusa. Alors je la fis enlever et enfermer dans la tour du château. Les mois se passèrent ; mon fils restait fidèle à son serment, moi fidèle à mon orgueil. Je résolus de tuer la fille ; je lui fis parvenir un avis secret qui l'engageait à fuir. Une échelle de soie lui fût remise, et des instructions très détaillées lui indiquaient le moyen de s'en servir en l'attachant à la fenêtre. Elle prépara sa fuite. J'inventais alors un piège infâme. Écoute, Robert, écoute ! Je fis desceller les pierres qui soutenaient la fenêtre, afin qu'elle s'écroulât entrainant la malheureuse, qui se serait brisée sur les dalles de la cour de marbre.

" C'était Noël ! La nuit de cette mauvaise action je m'endormis dans la crainte de Dieu. La nuit je fûs transporté dans une immense galerie de nuages. Des voûtes et des voûtes se suivaient par millions, allant, allant toujours. Sous ses voûtes des petites lampes d'or se balançaient doucement. Il eut fallu des années pour les compter. Les unes s'allumaient tout à coup, d'autres s'éteignaient subitement ; celles-ci brillaient d'un éclat violent, celles-la vacillaient et crépitaient très longtemps avant de s'éteindre.

" Chacune de ces lampes était gardée par des anges. Toutes les nouvelles lampes avaient pour gardiens des anges blancs et beaux comme la beauté ; d'autres lampes avaient des anges noirs, laids et méchants ; ils semblaient attendre avec impatience le moment où la flamme s'éteindrait.

" ' Qu'est ce que tout cela ? ' demandai-je à mon conducteur.

" ' Ce sont les âmes des humains. Celles qui s'allument si brilla-

ment sont les âmes des nouveaux nés ; les anges sans taches les gardent. Voici les âmes de ceux qui sont à l'âge où l'on pense ; l'Ésprit du Mal et l'Esprit du Bien se les disputent ; ces dernières qui s'éteignent sont les mourants de la terre, et vois !' un dit en me montrant plusières lueurs prêtes à s'éteindre ; 'vois ! à la minute suprême le dernièr souffle revient presque toujours à l'Esprit du Bien.'

"Alors je demandai à voir ma lampe."

" 'Viens !' me dit l'être étrange qui me conduisait sous les voutes innombrables, longtemps. Enfin m'arrêtant brusquement :

" 'Regarde ! Voila ton âme !'

"Je fûs pétrifié de terreur. Une seule goutte d'huile restait dans ma lampe et au-dessus, un ange aux ailes noires soufflait sur la flamme pour en activer la fin. J'eus peur et je fûs lâche ; oui, je fûs lâche," dit le Duc en tremblant de tout son corps.

"Écoute, Robert ! écouté ! Á côté de moi brillait une flamme de l'éclat le plus pur ; un ange aux ailes toutes blanches protégeait cette lampe d'or. L'Esprit du Mal me vint parler à l'oreille !"

Le vieux Duc s'arrêta ; on eût dit que la voix lui parlait encore. Son œil s'injecta de sang, ses cheveux se dressaient d'horreur, ses dents claquaient d'effroi ; il continua d'une voix stridente.

" L'ange aux ailes blanches me regarda douleureusement, mais l'ange aux ailes noires parlait toujours. Je ne vis rien, je ne voulus rien voir. J'arrachai une plume à l'ange noir et la trempant dans la lampe brillante, je pris l'huile goutte à goutte, et la versai dans la mienne. Ma flamme devint scintillante et rouge comme du sang ; l'autre pâlissait mais gardait un éclat d'étoile. Il ne restait plus qu'une goutte d'huile ; l'ange blanc étendit son aile pour m'arrêter, mais un ange aux ailes nacrées portant un glaive d'or passa rapidement.

" 'Laissez faire cet homme ! Dieu jugera,' dit-il. Je pris la dernière goutte d'huile.

"Alors j'eus peur. 'Quelle est cette lampe ?' demandai-je en montrant la pauvre flamme prête à s'éteindre.

"Et la voix répondit : 'C'est l'âme de ton fils bien aimé.'

"Au même moment la lampe brillante s'éteignit ; l'ange blanc

prit son souffle dans ses ailes et s'envola en poussant un cri de douleur ; l'Esprit du Mal répondit par un cri de triomphe.

"Je m'éveillai glacé d'horreur. Dans ma chambre deux cadavres étaient étendus, broyés, méconnaissables ; mon fils prévenu par sa fiancée avait voulu protéger sa fuite, et le piège criminel inventé par moi les avait tué tous les deux. C'était Noël ! Il y a vingt ans de cela."

Le vieillard retomba sur le fauteuil ducal. Les larmes ruisselaient sur son visage !

"Cesse !" dit-il au nègre préposé à la garde de la précieuse lampe ; "cesse d'arroser cette flamme. J'ai fait ma confession, je puis mourir maintenant ; mais Dieu me pardonnera-t-il ?"

En ce moment les cloches sonnèrent à toute volée dans le château et les chants d'église se firent entendre.

Les portes de la grande salle s'ouvrirent. Dans le fond la chapelle du vieux manoir était resplendissante de lumière, l'Enfant Jésus sur sa couche de paille parût rayonnant de gloire et de pardons. Le vieux Duc tomba à genoux devant l'Enfant Dieu.

"Homme !" dit la voix du prêtre, "Jésus est né, a souffert, est mort pour racheter les péchés de l'homme. Tu as péché, tu as souffert, tu te repens, Dieu te pardonne ! Que ton âme s'envole en paix !"

Alors le vieillard tournant son regard vers la lampe d'or vit au-dessus un ange aux ailes blanches. Cet ange il le reconnut—c'était le gardien de la lampe brillante. L'ange lui sourit doucement, et prenant dans ses ailes la lueur prête a s'éteindre il s'envola vers le ciel.

Le Duc de Kerberzoff était mort !

[*Translation.*]

A CHRISTMAS REPENTANCE.

THE chateau of Ploerneuf was the terror of the Breton people. The country folk made the sign of the cross as they passed by, and murmured, "There is the accursed one's castle !"

About the walls that surrounded the grounds was a brier hedge, which no one dared to cross. The servants passed each other by like shadows, afraid to speak above a whisper. No one dared to address the master. Only the young Count Robert found favor in the eyes of the lord of the manor, the old Duke de Kerberzoff, his uncle.

At the time when this story begins, Robert was at the old man's feet. He was seated in the great ducal chair; his face was livid, his eyes gleaming, and his countenance distorted with fear. He was listening intently.

Beside him, on a porphyry column, burned a small golden lamp set with precious stones. Behind it stood a tall negro, who, as each minute passed, let fall a single drop of oil upon the flame. Close to the old man's withered hand lay an axe, and the negro would have atoned with his life for a single forgetfulness of his duty.

The Duke was even paler than usual; his long white hair was matted upon his temples, and from his terror-stricken eyes great tears rolled down into his silver beard.

"My dear lord, is your suffering worse?" asked Robert gently.

The Duke shuddered; he was still listening intently. It was Christmas night. "Noël! Noël!" sang the peasants' voices. "Noël! Noël!" rang out the chimes. Then the old Duke rose up like a spectre.

"Listen, Robert!" he said. "Listen!"

The old man had not spoken for twenty years. His sepulchral voice echoed through the great hall, and the ancient armor hanging on the walls gave forth a metallic sound.

"Twenty years ago I had a son; he was handsome, brave, and generous. He loved a young peasant girl and wished to marry her, but I refused my consent. My son pleaded with me, but I was inflexible; my escutcheon would have been eternally disgraced. I was wrong, my boy, I was wrong! Never give way to pride! It is a mortal sin!" Sobs choked the old Duke's utterance, but he continued:

"The maiden was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her money; she refused it. Then I had her carried off and imprisoned in the tower of the castle. Several months passed; my son was faithful to his word, I to my pride. I decided to kill the maiden, so I sent word to her secretly to escape at the first opportunity. A silken ladder was given her, and she was carefully instructed as to its use, and how to fasten it to the window. She prepared for flight. Then I arranged an infamous trap for her. Listen, Robert! listen! I had the stones of the window-sill loosened, so that it would give way beneath her weight, carrying the unfortunate girl with it as it fell, and she would be dashed to pieces upon the marble floor of the court-yard below.

"It was Christmas! That night I fell asleep in the fear of God. Then I was transported to an immensity of clouds. Innumerable arches followed each other in never-ending succession. Beneath these arches small golden lamps were swinging gently to and fro, so numerous that it would have taken years to count them. Some burst suddenly into flame, others were as suddenly extinguished. Some burned with a fierce light, others flickered for a long time before they died out completely.

"Each one of these lamps was guarded by an angel. All the new lamps were tended by fair white angels with faces of unspeakable beauty; by others stood black angels, ugly and evil looking, and these seemed to await with impatience the moment when the flame should be finally extinguished.

"'What is all this?' I asked my guide.

"'These lamps are the souls of men,' he replied. 'The ones which start suddenly into flame are the souls of newborn infants, and spotless angels guard them. Here are the souls of those who have reached the time of life when they can think for themselves, and the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good dispute their possession. Those lamps which are flickering and fading out are the souls of the dying. See!' he cried, pointing out several flames which were on the point of extinction, 'see! at the supreme moment the soul almost always turns to the Spirit of Good!'

"Then I asked him to show me my own lamp.

"'Come!' said the strange being, who conducted me through innumerable arches; we went on and on for a long time. Then stopping suddenly, 'See!' he said. 'Behold thy soul!'

"I was petrified with terror. One single drop of oil remained in my lamp, and over it hovered an angel with coal-black wings, who blew upon the flame to make it burn out more quickly. I was in mortal fear, and I was a coward; yes, I was a coward," said the Duke, trembling violently.

"Listen, Robert! listen! Beside my lamp burned another with a steady and brilliant flame; a white-winged angel watched over the golden vessel. The Spirit of Evil came and whispered in my ear."

The old Duke ceased. It seemed as if he heard the Spirit's voice at that moment. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair stood on end with fright, and his teeth chattered. He continued in a hoarse voice:

"The white-winged angel looked at me sadly, but the black kept whispering in my ear. I saw nothing, I would see nothing. From the black angel's wing I plucked a feather, and dipping it into the brilliant lamp, I took the oil out drop by drop and let it fall into my own. My flame became brilliant and red as blood; the other grew paler, but retained its starry brightness. Only one drop of oil remained; the white angel stretched forth his wing to stop me, but another with wings gleaming like mother-of-pearl and bearing a golden sword came to us. 'Let the man do his will! God will judge him!' he said. I took the last drop of oil.

"Then I was afraid. 'Whose lamp is this?' I asked, pointing to the flame which was just on the point of going out.

"And the voice replied, 'It is the soul of thy beloved son.' At that moment the flame went out. The white angel took the soul in its wings and flew away with a cry of grief; but the Spirit of Evil responded with a loud cry of triumph.

"I awoke frozen stiff with horror. Two corpses were stretched out upon the floor of my room, crushed almost out of human

shape. My son, notified by his betrothed, had wished to protect her in her flight, and the dreadful trap which I had set for her had killed them both. It was Christmas—twenty years ago!"

The old man fell back in his chair, the tears streaming down his face.

"Stop!" he said to the negro, who was tending the precious lamp. "Feed the flame no more! I have made my confession, now I can die—but can God find pardon for me?"

At that moment the castle bell rang loudly, and the chants of the church were heard. The doors of the great hall swung open. Through them was seen the chapel of the old manor blazing with lights, and the Child Jesus on His bed of straw seemed resplendent with glory and pardon. The old Duke fell on his knees before the Infant God.

"Man!" said the voice of the priest, "Christ was born, suffered, died to redeem the sins of men. Thou hast sinned, thou hast suffered, thou hast repented; God pardons thee. May thy soul depart in peace!"

Then the old man looked at the golden lamp, and saw above it an angel with snow-white wings, and he recognized him as the guardian of the brilliant lamp. The angel smiled on him sweetly, and taking up the flickering light, flew off toward heaven.

The Duke de Kerberzoff was dead.

ANCIENT SPANISH LYRIC.

SINCE, for kissing thee, Minguillo, my mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling; give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss, let's undo it while we may;
Quickly, give me back my kiss, that she may have naught to say.

Do—she makes so great a bother, chides so sharply, looks so grave—
Do, my love, to please my mother, give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo! one you give, but two you take;
Give me back the one, my darling, give it—for my mother's sake.

THE BOBOLINK'S SONG.

STANLEY WATERLOO.

WHAT sound,
The world round,
Most mad joy can express?
What do you say or guess?
Said the farmer gray:
"This is what I say;
This is what I think:
'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!
He is singing with a will;
There's a tink, tink, tinkle, and a gurgle and a thrill,
He has lilted all the gleaming meadow over,
He has bathed him in the fragrance of the clover,
He is drunk with the perfume
To the tip of every plume!
He is tumbling, pirouetting in his flight,
All awhirl a merry moment, then alight.
Dead is care!
He is riotously rich and has to spare;
He is flinging liquid silver to the air.
See him float!
See him gloat!
See him doat!
He is flaunting on the wing,
He is mad in all the glory of the day;
He has pitched to where the alder-bushes sway.
'*I* will teach you how to sing!'
All the other birds are mute.

He is hid among the green
And he plays the tambourine
And triangle and flute;
All a-tune
To the lushness and the living of the June!
The world round,
No other sound
Such mad joy can express.
I know! I do not guess!"
Said the farmer gray:
"That is what I say;
That is what I think.
'Tis the note
From the straw-colored throat
Of the bobolink!"

THE MOOSE HUNT.

DO you see that ugly cur there, that wall-eyed looking beast?
For a scrub there ain't his equal in a dozen miles at least;
His looks is most deceivin'. If you'd like to hear me tell
You somethin' 'bout old Tobe there, sit down—I'll yarn a spell.

Last winter Long Bill Rogers and me and Isrul Drake
Went out one day moose huntin' aback the East Branch Lake;
With rifles, mog'sing, snowshoes and knapsacks on our backs,
And each a horn o' whiskey to sup between the snacks.

We'd gone about an hour and hadn't nothin' struck,
When Bill he threw his cap up and hollered, "Boys, here's luck!
By gosh! but he's a whopper—just see the fellah's stride!"
And sure enough he'd collared a moose-step six foot wide.

Deep through the crust 'twas broken, a trail as good as new;
We give one yell and started—be jing, we fairly flew!

And Tobe, that scrubby cur there, stretched right out straight his tail,
And like a streak o' lightnin' he hooked it up the trail.

We whistled, called, but no, sir! he left us in a jiff;
"Blame take the 'tarnal critter," Bill grumbled in a miff!
"The next time I go huntin' that cur won't go along,
He'll fright the moose and keep us a-chasin' twice as long."

To edge o' dusk we legged it. "No moose," grunts Bill, "to-night."
When sudden, past a clearin', some maples hove in sight;
And there the track was broken and snow was tossed around;
I sings out, "Boys, we've got him, we've run the critter down!"

Right through that grove o' maples we put for life and death,
And struck a sight as left us stumped, dumb and out of breath;
That there dog Tobe was h'isted upon a maple branch,
And by the nose was holdin' the moose upon his ha'nch!

Holdin' him by the nose, sir, and Bill 'll swear it's true;
And Isrul, too; besides, sir—I know I can't fool you.
Right up among the branches, just where the critter flung
Him up, a crotch had caught him, and there he held and hung!

Well, soon our shootin'-irons knocked daylight through the game,
And down the moose come tumblin', the dog he did the same;
And Bill, he took his hat off, "Look here, old Tobe," says he,
"You're clean grit through and through ye, if ye hain't no pedigree."

And Isrul, he said nothin', but sat down on the prize
And ketched old Tobe and kissed him between his two wall eyes.
So if we both look roughish, your slick breed dogs and men
Maybe when't comes to doin' 'll act as mean agen.

And so I've sot you laughin', you think the story stretched?
When I've got Bill to prove it, and Isrul, if he's fetched.
Why, if it wasn't true, sir, what would I tell it fur?
Perhaps you'll be gainsayin' here's me and there the cur?

CONVICT AND SOLDIER.

A TRUE TRAGEDY OF SIBERIA.

AMONG the convicts working on the trans-Siberian railroad was a white-haired old man. He had always been a law-abiding subject, but, in protesting when the government surveyors were measuring off a piece of his land, he chanced, in his earnestness, to step upon the surveyor's chain as it lay on the ground. The old peasant's mis-step was an act not only of gross disrespect to the Czar, whose representative the surveyor was for the time being, but high treason itself. The culprit was arrested and put in irons. On being brought to trial he succeeded in convincing the judges that his fault was not intentional. Accordingly the utmost leniency was extended to him. He was not sentenced to death, but was sent to toil in a Siberian chain-gang for the remainder of his life.

This poor old man one day noticed the soldier who, with loaded rifle, acted as guard over him and his companions. The soldier looked wonderfully familiar to him, and the old man gazed at him so steadily as to neglect his work and bring from the overseer a reprimand. After a time the workman edged his way so close to the guard that he could speak to him, and asked who he was and whence he came. The military law absolutely forbids a soldier to speak to a convict or to notice him in any way, unless to shoot him if he try to escape. But those of his comrades who stood near saw the soldier turn deathly pale, and then brace himself up with more than ordinary rigidity. The old man persevered. Heedless of the threats of the overseer, he threw down his tools and staggered up to the guard, who remained silent and motionless. Their eyes met, the old man's streaming with tears, the soldier's dry and fixed as those of the dead.

"Alexis, my son! Is it thou? Is it thou?"

Still military discipline kept the guard as silent and motionless as a statue. His face was a picture of mortal torment. Then, despite his efforts to control himself, his lips quivered, his knees trembled, he swayed to and fro, grasped his rifle convulsively and drew himself up as if on dress-parade. The next moment his arms fell to his sides, his rifle dropped to the ground, and without a word, or even a groan, he fell at his father's feet, apparently a corpse.

The convict threw himself upon his son's body, covering it with kisses and uttering wild cries of endearment and grief. The overseer and the other guards rushed to the spot. They supposed that the old convict had attacked the soldier, perhaps killed him. It was their business to suppose that, anyway. So they raised the butts of their rifles, and in a moment would have knocked out the old man's brains. But one suggested that they should first drag the convict from the soldier's body, lest some of their blows should fall upon the latter. This they struggled in vain to do. Though half a dozen tugged at them, they could not separate the two bodies, and the old man never noticed them, but kept on kissing his unconscious son and uttering wild, inarticulate cries.

A cart was brought, and the two bodies, inseparably clasped together, were laid in it and taken, under a strong guard, to the hospital, where the surgeon would quickly cut off the old man's arms and thus part the two. But when the surgeon saw them the truth dawned upon him. He told the soldiers, and they, who had been eager to toss the old man on their bayonets, marched off with tears flowing down their cheeks. Presently the doctors got the old man to loosen his hold upon the soldier's body, and he was instantly taken back and forced, under the lash, to resume work. Then they turned their attention to the soldier. He soon regained consciousness, but not reason. He was incurably mad. They took him that night to an asylum. The next morning the old man was marched out to work again.

"But my son!" he cried. "How is my son this morning? Is he living or dead?"

Then one of the soldiers for the first time broke military discipline and incurred the risk of heavy punishment.

"Your son," he said, "lives, but he is hopelessly insane."

At the word the old man stared, burst into a peal of fearful laughter, and fell forward in convulsions. They carried him away to the hospital, and from there to the asylum, where they put him into the cell next to his son's. There were then two hopeless maniacs in that madhouse.

ME AN' JIM.

WE were both brought up in a country town,
Was me an' Jim;
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown
On me an' him.
At school we never was given a chance
To larn that Africa wasn't in France;
Patches we wore on the seats o' our pants,
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty an' hale an' strong,
Did me an' Jim;
We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,
Did me an' him;
An' we knowed whar the bluebirds built their nests
When the Spring tripped over the mountains' crests,
Why the robins all wore their scarlet vests,
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,
Did me an' Jim.
We was arter the same gal, though, we two—
That's me an' him;
An' she treated us just alike, did she,
When at quiltin' party or huskin' bee,

We was even up in the race, you see,
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last an' she answered me "No."
Jim follered suit;
But she wouldn't hev him, an' told him so.
Ferbidden fruit
We called her then, an' I'm rather afraid
That we cussed a little. An' then we prayed
That she'd live and she'd die a plain old maid,
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out an' Company B
Caught me an' Jim.
We both on us fit fer the Union—see?
Did me an' him.
An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,
The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,
An' follered the flag through the battle's hell,
Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks
Death came to Jim,
An', excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes
Talkin' o' him.
Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine
Till his soul passed out through the picket-line,
Whar an angel waited the countersign
To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done
Without poor Jim;
Was given a sword instead of a gun,
And thought o' him.
An' I wore an eagle, when mustered out,
On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about
Fer the startin'-p'int o' my hull life's route,
But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place
I'd left wi' Jim;
She gave me a smile wi' a blushin' face
An' asked 'bout him.
So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,
Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,
An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—
Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June
Fer me an' Jim.
Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon
We talked o' him.
An' arter a while, when a baby came—
A boy—an' we looked for a proper name,
His memory comin' up fresh again,
We called him Jim.

A DRUG CLERK'S TRIALS.

SCENE, a drug store. Enter a tall and rather mild-looking young man. The clerk, a dapper and supercilious fellow, walks up very slowly, as if the whole world could afford to wait for him. The stranger buys a toothbrush, grows impatient over the way he is served, and after he has made his purchase, opens as follows:

"Do you keep Brown's Liver Regulator?"

"No, sir."

"Do you keep Black's?"

"No, sir."

"Nor Green's?"

"Never heard of it."

"You haven't? What is Brown's worth?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Nor Black's?"

"No, sir; we don't keep the article."

"So you said before. And you don't know what it is worth?"

"No, sir."

"Not even if you kept it?"

"No."

"Is it a good article?"

"I don't know," rather savagely. "We have our own liver regulator."

"What do you mean—one that regulates your own liver?"

"No, sir," still more savagely. "One we have to sell."

"Is it good?"

"Best on the market."

"Have you ever tried it on your own liver?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then how do you know it is good?"

"Because—um—it is."

"Will it cure Bright's disease?"

"No; it's for——"

"Or rheumatism?"

"No; it is only——"

"Or palpitation of the heart?"

"Why, confound it! I tell you——"

"Or boils, or influenza, or the grip?"

"No, it won't!" shouted the clerk. "It is a specific for——"

"Then I don't want it," went on the stranger calmly. "I've got a friend of mine, though, who is suffering from lumbago. I'll tell him about it and maybe he'll stop in and buy a bottle. Good day."

"Great Scott! What does that fellow take me for?" howled the clerk when the stranger was gone. "Guess he doesn't know a liver regulator from a mustard plaster."

"Do you know who he is?" asked a bystander.

"No."

"He is one of the comedians of the Tuxedo Company."

And the clerk hasn't recovered yet.

LENORA.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Translated by Alfred Ayres.

[The Germans have no poem that they are more familiar with than they are with "Lenora," by Bürger (1748–1794), published when the author was only twenty-four years old. "Lenora" has been many times translated into English, but, so far as we know, the translators have heretofore chosen a form more easily managed in our language than that of the original. In such translations the melody, and hence the spirit, of the original is lost. The following translation follows the exact form of the German from the first line to the last. This poem is much sought after by public readers. It has been rendered with marked success by Mr. Charles Roberts, at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.]

LENORA waked at morning's red
  Disturbed by heavy dreaming:
"Art faithless, William, or art dead?
  My fears surpass all seeming."
He'd gone with Prussian Fred'rick's host
To fight at Prague where needed most.
  Nor line had he indited,
  Although their troth was plighted.

Great Fred'rick and the Hapsburg queen
  Of longer battling weary,
From war began their thoughts to wean,
  And bright succeeded dreary;
And ev'ry band with joyful song,
With bugle-blast and cheering long,
  Bedecked with verdant laurels
  Turned home from royal quarrels.

From everywhere—from far and near,
  From road and street and alley—
Came forth the young, the fair, the sere
  To greet them in the valley.

"Thank God!" both child and mother cried.
"Thou'rt welcome!" cries the happy bride.
But ah! Lenora waited—
No kiss for her, the fated.

She ran the line all up and down,
To this and that one speaking,
But none there was, nor prince nor clown,
Could aid her in her seeking.
When all were passed, in dark despair,
She wildly tore her raven hair;
And by the wayside falling,
Her grief became appalling.

Then quick her mother to her ran:
"God have you in His keeping!
What grieves you thus? Tell, if you can,
The cause, pray, of this weeping."
"O mother, mother, gone, all gone!
My world, my all, my all is gone!
To me no mercy showeth
The God who good bestoweth!"

"Help, God! In Thee we put our trust!
Child, pray a pater-noster.
What God decrees is wise and just.
O God, Thou wilt us foster!"
"O mother, mother, vain the hope;
No help for me though prayed the pope!
What helps, what helps beseeching,
But its own folly teaching!"

"Help, God, help! Who the Father know
Believe to prayer He'll listen.
The sacrament will soothe thy woe
And God thy spirit chasten."

"O mother, mother, I lament
What ne'er 'll re-give the sacrament.
No sacrament availeth,
When death the flesh assaileth."

"List, child! How if the faithless man,
For some fair Southern maiden,
His troth forgets, as all men can?
With other bonds he's laden.
Think not, my child, think not of him!
His future now's forever dim:
When soul and body sever
The perjured burn forever."

"O mother, mother, o'er is o'er!
To lose him is to lose him!
In death, in death is all my store!
E'en there I'd not refuse him!
Go out my light, forever out!
To die, to die I pray devout!
From hope and joy I've parted!
Why live thus broken-hearted?"

"Help, God, help! Stay Thy just decree
Here with Thy wayward daughter.
Mark not her sin 'beyond degree.'
Though better has been taught her!
Ah, child, forget thy earthly pain;
Turn thou to God — 'twill be thy gain.
Then at the heavenly portal,
Thou'lt find a groom immortal."

"O mother, what to me is bliss?
O mother, what's perdition?
With him, with him to me is bliss,
Without him is perdition.

Go out, my light, forever out!
To die, to die I pray devout!
  Take him, and naught in nature
  Retains one pleasing feature."

'Twas thus despair in blood and brain
  Her frenzy made heartrending;
And all the day her tongue profane
  Was cursing and contending.
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest—
  Until the lights nocturnal
  Shone out on fields eternal.

Then distant—hark! tramp, tramp is heard!
  A courser on the highway;
And now dismounts a horseman spurred,
  And straight comes up the byway.
And hark, and hark, the portals ring!
So softly, gently, kling, ling, ling!
  Then, whispered from the thicket,
  These words come through the wicket:

"Holla, holla, come ope the door!
  Art waking love, or sleeping?
Still lov'st me, dear, as heretofore?
  Dost laugh, or art thou weeping?"
"Ah, William, thou? so late by night?
I've wept and wept, so great my fright.
  Ah, grief untold befell me.
  Whence com'st so late, wilt tell me?"

"We saddle sole at middle-night.
  Far come I o'er the border.
I'd bear thee hence, my heart's delight,
  Though much I'm in disorder."

"Ah, William, first come in, I pray!
Loud howls the wind 'mong thorn and spray.
My fond embrace shall warm thee.
Come, love; why thus alarm me?"

"Let 't howl, let 't howl 'mong thorn and spray;
Let 't howl, my child, till weary!
My courser waits; dost hear him neigh?
Within to me 'twere dreary.
Come, up and dress and mount with speed
Behind me here upon my steed.
Thy bridal couch, though distant,
Shalt see this night, if constant."

"So distant is our nuptial couch,
Yet thither thou wouldst bear me!
Dost hear what now the clock doth vouch?
My love, I pray thee, spare me!"
"But look! dost see? the moon shines bright!
We and the dead ride quick at night.
I'll 'gage ere morning's hour
We'll reach thy bridal bower."

"Say on, where is our bridal hall?
Where, how the nuptial bower?"
"Far, far from here! Still, cool, and small,
Where storms do never lower."
"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee.
Come, up and dress and mount with me!
The wedding-guests are waiting.
No more of this debating!"

Lenora dressed, and with a bound
The courser mounted lithely;
Then threw her lily arms around
The rider quick and blithely.

And whirry, whirry, lope, lope, lope,
Away they rode o'er plain and slope,
  The comet's speed outvieing,
  With sparks and pebbles flying.

On one and now the other hand,
  As Nora gazed and wondered,
How vanished meadow, heath, and land!
  The bridges how they thundered!
'Dost tremble, love? The moon shines bright,
Huzzah! the dead ride quick at night!
  Dost fear, my love, the spirits?"
"Ah, no! but leave the spirits!"

What doleful tones sigh through the gloom!
  The ravens croak and hurry.
Hark! wailing moans as from the tomb:
"Come, come, the body bury!"
And nearer comes the mournful strain,
Until appears the fun'ral train.
  Their song rends air and heaven;
  So wail the unforgiven.

"In sombre gloom we near the tomb
  With song and wailing tearful!
Come, open stands the bridal room,
  Though all around look fearful.
Come, sexton, quick! come with the choir,
Our bridal song with reed and lyre!
  Come, priest, and say the blessing,
  Nor wait for our confessing."

The song grows faint, the bier goes on
  The trooper's gesture heeding,
And whirry, whirry's heard anon
  From hill and dale proceeding,

As faster, faster, lope, lope, lope,
Away they ride o'er plain and slope,
  The comet's speed outvieing,
  With sparks and pebbles flying.

How vanish right, how vanish left
  The mountains, trees and ledges!
How vanish left, and right and left,
  The towns and hawthorn hedges!
"Dost tremble, love? The moon shines bright.
Huzzah! the dead ride quick at night!
  Dost fear, my love, the spirits?"
"Ah, leave in peace the spirits!"

See there, see there! Here in the night
  How dance the spectre rabble,
As lends the moon her feeble light,
  In gay and noisy brabble!
"Hoho, you spectres; here, come here!
You spectres, come, nor have a fear!
  Come dance to festive numbers,
  Ere we begin our slumbers."

And now the spectres, hoosh, hoosh, hoosh,
  Come on with noise and bustle,
As sport the winds with tree and bush,
  When withered leaflets rustle.
And faster, faster, lope, lope, lope,
Away they ride o'er plain and slope,
  The comet's speed outvieing,
  With sparks and pebbles flying.

How flies all right and left and round,
  With noise and crash and thunder!
How flies all that the heavens bound,
  Like comets rent asunder!

"Dost tremble, love? The moon shines bright.
Huzzah! the dead ride quick at night!
Dost fear, my love, the spirits?"
"O pray, no more of spirits!"

"On, on, the wolf turns toward his lair!
The moon already fadeth!
On, on, I scent the morning air!
The day the night invadeth!
'Tis done, 'tis done! here ends our ride;
Our nuptial bed is open wide.
The dead ride swiftly, dearest.
What is it, pray, thou fearest?"

Now for the arch at rapid rate,
With slackened rein he plunges;
A single blow upon the grate
Bursts lock and bolt and hinges.
With crash and smash down falls the door,
Then grave on grave they hasten o'er,
While 'neath the moon declining
The marble slabs are shining.

Behold! behold! how quick as thought—
O horrid, horrid wonder!
The trooper's armor, iron wrought,
Like tinder falls asunder.
And from his frame drop flesh and hair,
Till but the bone remaineth there.
The glass and sickle clasping,
Stands Death, the ever-grasping.

High reared the steed and wildly neighed;
Fire from his nostrils started.
And lo! from underneath the maid
The earth to 'dmit them parted.

And howls resound through upper skies,
While from below come piercing cries.
Lenora, wretched maiden,
With doubts and fears is laden.

Now far and near the spectre crowd,
In line and circle dancing,
Howl, till the skies reëcho loud,
While closer still advancing:
"Forbear! forbear! nor e'er contend,
Though God's decrees thy heart do rend!
Now soul and body sever
Be mercy thine forever!"

[Liszt composed a piano-forte accompaniment for this poem. The playing of the music during the recitation adds greatly to the effect. Price of the music, $1.50. Address the publisher of this book.]

"ROCK OF AGES."

F. L. STANTON.

"ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"
Sang the lady, soft and low,
And the melancholy flow
Of her voice so sweet and clear
Rose upon the evening air
With that tender, touching prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Yet she sang as oft she had
When her thoughtless heart was glad;
Sang because she sang alone,
Sang because her soul had grown
Weary with the tedious day,
Sang to while the hours away:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Where the trembling starlight falls
On her mansion's shadowed walls;
On the chill and silent street
Where the lights and shadows meet—
There the lady's voice was heard
As the deepening dusk was stirred
With the music of that prayer
Quivering through the icy air—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Wandering homeless, through the night.
Praying for the morning light;
Pale and haggard, lost and lone,
With no hand to hold her own,
Went a woman, one whose life
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;
To whose songless lips a prayer
Never came from life's despair;
And her heart, by sorrow wrung,
Heard the lady as she sung:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Pausing, low her head she bent,
And the music as it went
Reached her sinking soul, and brought
Back to her—as lost in thought
Tremblingly she stood—the past,
While the burning tears fell fast
As her heart reviewed the days
When she walked in virtue's ways,
When she sang that very song,
With no sense of sin or wrong:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

On the marble steps she knelt,
And her soul that instant felt
Mercy's healing touch, as there
Quivering moved her lips in prayer;
And the God she had forgot
Smiled upon her lonely lot;
Heard her as she murmured oft,
With an accent sweet and soft—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Little knew the lady fair,
As she sang so softly there,
That her voice had touched a soul
That had lived in sin's control;
Little knew when she was done
That a lost and erring one
Heard her as she breathed that strain—
Heard her, and came home again!
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

A GIRL'S ESSAY ON BOYS.

"BOYS are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything—but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice, that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

ABOUT BARBERS.

ALL things change except barbers, the ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. What one experiences in a barber-shop the first time he enters one is what he always experiences in barber-shops till the end of his days. I got shaved this morning, as usual. A man approached the door as I approached it, a thing that always happens. I hurried, but he entered the door one step ahead of me and took the only vacant chair, the one presided over by the best barber. It always happens so.

I sat down, hoping that I might fall heir to the chair belonging to the better of the remaining two barbers—for he had already begun combing his man's hair, while his comrade was not yet quite done rubbing up and oiling his customer's locks. When I saw that No. 2 was gaining on No. 1 my interest grew to solicitude. When No. 1 stopped a moment to make change, and lost ground in the race, my solicitude rose to anxiety. When No. 1 caught up again, and both he and his comrade were pulling the towels away, and brushing the powder from their customers' cheeks, it was about an even thing which one would say "Next!" first. But when, at the final moment No. 1 stopped to pass a comb through his customer's eyebrows, I saw that he had lost the race by a single instant.

A voice said "Next!" and I surrendered to—No. 2. It always happens so. I said meekly that I was in a hurry, and it affected him as strongly as if he had never heard it. He shoved up my head, and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar, and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair, and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again, and said it was pretty long for the present style, better have a little taken off; it needed it behind especially. I said I had had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked, with a disparag-

ing manner, who cut it. I came back at him promptly with a "You did!" Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face and was about to lather the other when a dog-fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window and saw it out, losing two shillings in bets with the other barbers—a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, getting the brush into my mouth only twice, and then began to rub in the suds; and as he had his head turned, discussing the dog-fight, he naturally shoveled considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it—but I did.

He now began to sharpen his razor, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he had figured at the night before in red cambric and bogus ermine, as some kind of a king. He was so gratified with being chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten that he used every means to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed. This matter begot more surveyings of himself in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate "part" behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the meantime the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals.

Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bundling and tumbling my head this way and that, as convenience in shaving demanded. As long as he was on the tough sides of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake and rip and tug at my chin, the tears came; I did not mind his getting so close down to me; I did not mind his garlic; but there was an added something that made me fear that he was decaying inwardly while still alive, and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this that I discovered that a part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps.

About this time I amused myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me this shave; but he got ahead of me, and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had got my mind made up. He immediately sharpened his razor. I tried to get him to put it up, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, but he said he only wanted to just smooth off one little roughness and slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded signs of a close shave rose up smarting.

Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face. Then he dried it by slapping with the dry part of the towel. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it forevermore, no doubt, if I had not rebelled. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up, and began to plough my hair thoughtfully. He suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it very badly. I observed that I shampooed it myself very thoroughly yesterday. He next recommended some of "Smith's Hair Glorifier," and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, "Jones's Delight of the Toilet," and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again. He tendered me a tooth-wash of his own invention, and when I declined, offered to trade knives with me.

He turned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over, legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests, rubbed and scrubbed and combed and brushed it, parting it behind and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead; and then, while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six-ounce black-and-tan terrier of his, till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel, brushed it lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eyebrows once more, and gaily sung out, "Next!"

This barber died of apoplexy two hours later. I am going to attend his funeral.

THE PICKANINNY.

THE pickaninny was alone in bed. The bed was a "shuck" mattress on the floor, and the covering a meal-sack; but that was all that the pickaninny needed—the night was hot. Outside in the marsh the frogs kept calling,

"Little nig! little nig! little nig!"

This made the pickaninny mad. He would stone those frogs to-morrow. It had grown quite dark, and the pickaninny was restless. He didn't want to go to sleep; he wanted to run out and roll in the cool grass. His leg itched and he scratched it. Then his kinky hair caught in the coarse canvas. It was too bad! Those frogs were making fun of him with their

"Little nig! little nig!"

Finally, one old fellow came out exultingly with

"Little nig! little nig! little nig-ig-igger!"

That was too much! He scrambled to his feet and pattered to the window. Clambering up on the sill, he sat with his little bare black legs hanging out and kicking the wall.

"Wisht I wuz a frog," he sighed, disconsolately. "Dey ain't gotter go ter bed 'fore de sun done set. Ain't gotter git licked wen dey upsets the soap kittle, nudder. Only pap say dey hatter be tadpoles 'fore dey's frogs.

"Yer shet yo' mouf down dere, er I'll come an' bus' de lot er yer," he called, as the frog chorus swelled up again.

Just then the moon peeped over the tops of the pines.

"Hey dere, Mr. Moon! Lordy! ain't he big! He mus' lib on odder folks' roosters. Mammy say dat what make Brer Thomson so slick. Wisht I wuz in de moon! Den I cud see—cud see 's far as de kingdum come. Hey! What's dat?" he exclaimed, catching sight of the reflection in the "rain-bar'l." "Nudder moon! Mammy! Mammy! Two moons!"

But the pickaninny leaned just a little too far out. A squeal—a splash, and when mammy reached the door, he was wildly squirming and spluttering in the barrel.

"Well, I wuz a frog, an' I wuz in de moon, anyhow," said the pickaninny when he was back in bed again. Then he fell asleep. And the frogs kept on calling "Little nig! little nig!" and the moon grinned more than ever.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

MAURICE E. M'LOUGHLIN.

WHEN a man has been railroadin' twenty long years,
He gits kinder hardened an' rough,
An' scenes of affliction don't trouble him much,
'Cause his natur' is coarse-like an' tough.
But a scene that took place on my train one cold night
Would a' melted the heart of a stone,
An' among the adventures which I have been through,
That night jist stands out all alone.

'Twas a bitter cold night, an' the train was jam full,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken;
The people had jist turned in for the night,
An' the train for New York was a-makin',
When, jist as the people to snore had begun,
An' I with a satisfied sigh
Had sat down in a chair for a short rest, I heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

It was one o' those loud, aggravatin'-like yells,
O' the pattern that makes you jist itch
For a gun or an axe, an' excites up your mind
With wild thoughts o' murder an' sich.
It went through that car, an' I needn't remark
That the snorin' stopped right there an' then,
An' that sleeper was filled with a bilin' hot crowd
O' mad women an' wild, swearin' men.

The curtains jist then that concealed Berth 16
  Were opened, an' out come a man—
As fine a young feller as ever I seen,
  But his face was all white-like an' wan.
He carried the kid that was raisin' the row,
  An' commenced walkin' down through the aisle,
A-tryin' to stop its loud screechin'—but, pshaw!
  It seemed to get wuss every mile.

An idea seemed to strike one old feller jist then,
  An' he said to the pale-faced young man,
"It seems to me, stranger, that kid could be stilled
  By a simple an' feasible plan;
The noise that it's makin' betrays what it needs—
  The child wants its mother, that's plain;
An' why don't you call her? Ten chances to one,
  She's sleepin' somewhere on the train."

A look then came over that young father's face,
  A look full of anguish an' pain:
A look that will haunt me as long as I live,
  As long as I work on a train;
An' he answered that man, in a hoarse, stifled voice,
  That sounded as though from afar:
"Her mother is sleepin' on board of this train
  In a box in the baggage car."

WHY THEY DIDN'T BOW.

We passed upon the oaken stair,
  With never a bow or smile;
And I coolly gazed in her eyes so rare,
  Though my heart beat fast the while.
Ah! why was it thus that she walked away,
  Why did I my feelings smother?
You see, there was nothing that I could say—
  For we didn't know each other!

THE JASMINE FLOWER.

MONOLOGUE, FOR A MAN.

SAINT-JUIRS.

Translated by Isabel Smithson.

Scene: An elegantly furnished bedroom.

[*Mr. S. enters, and, after putting a spray of jasmine on the mantel, takes up some matches and tries to strike one.*]

First Match [*breaking*].—Crack!

Second Match [*breaking*].—Crick!

Third Match [*breaking*].—Cra-ack!

Mr. S.—Confound them!

Fourth Match [*burning*].—P-fizz! Pfizz!

Chandelier.—At last!

Clock.—Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

Mr. S.—Nine o'clock already. The dickens!

Jasmine Flower.—Hurry, hurry; you have hardly time to dress for the opera.

Mr. S.—All I care for is the ballet.

Jasmine.—And the third dancer on the right.

Mr. S.—Yes, the third on the right. [*He begins to dress hurriedly, throwing his clothes on the floor.*]

Carpet.—What is the matter with him this evening?

Mr. S.—It was a good idea of mine to say I had important business to settle, and to send my wife alone with the baby to her mother at Dijon.

Jasmine.—It was worthy of a genius.

Mr. S.—And now I have given the servants a holiday. I am free, absolutely free.

Easy-Chair.—What is he saying?

Sofa.—Never mind, you inquisitive thing.

Easy-Chair.—Impertinent!

Bed-Canopy [*a voice from above*].—Hush-sh!

Jasmine.—It is high time you had a little fun.

Mr. S.—Yes, indeed. I have been married nearly three years and have nothing to reproach myself with—absolutely nothing.

Window-Curtain.—Poor fellow!

Mr. S.—So monotonous. Always the same face and the same diet, and I am so fond of variety.

Jasmine.—Without that the stomach is apt to grow rusty. You want a deviled crab occasionally.

Mr. S.—Or lobster *à l'Américain* in a private supper-room.

Jasmine.—With a pretty little brunette!

Mr. S.—Or a graceful blonde!

Taper [*flaring*].—A woman with sparkle and dash; a woman of spirit.

Mr. S.—Yes, a female volcano—an Etna in petticoats.

Fan.—This makes me blush.

Mr. S.—My pretty dancer told me her name; it is Irma.

Calendar.—Pah!

Mr. S.—There are better names, I know; but there are also worse. Besides, what does it matter about her name? She did not choose it herself.

Calendar.—Some names are very pretty and soft.

Mr. S.—My wife's name is Andrée; that has a charming sound.

Jasmine.—But Irma is more playful and lively.

Mr. S.—Irma herself is fascinating. When my friend Edmond presented me to her behind the scenes the other night she took a fancy to me directly; she told me so; she is not shy.

Jasmine.—Not at all.

Mr. S.—What do you know about it?

Jasmine.—Oh! I have heard my brothers say so; but they are always saying some nonsense.

Mr. S.—Irma is not shy, but she is not forward. She may seem so, but that is the fault of her profession. On the stage, even the village May queen has to appear pert and volatile, and a ballet-dancer is not admired unless she is saucy and gay. Where are my sleeve buttons?

Trinket-Box.—Those your wife gave you?

Mr. S.—No, no; not those.

Jasmine.—How slow you are!

The Atmosphere.—What is the use of hurrying? It is very pleasant here.

Mr. S.—Where is my waistcoat?

Waistcoat.—Here I am.

Mr. S. [*putting it on*].—Irma is not exactly pretty, but there is something so—so piquant about her.

Hand-Mirror.—Her nose aspires to reach her bangs.

Mr. S.—And her mouth! Don't speak of it!

Hand-Mirror.—Her eyes are small——

Mr. S.—But so bright! And what a figure, so slender——

Newspaper.—Like a plank.

Mr. S.—The impudence of the press! Now, I must put on a new white cravat. It is very hard to tie this. I wish my wife were here.

Cravat.—Do you?

Mr. S.—Well, no; that would be awkward. [*He goes to the mirror.*]

Jasmine.—How bright your eyes are! You look ten years younger. Your eyes, your hair——

Mirror.—Your hair!

Mr. S.—I don't wish to be ridiculed. I know I have not much hair, but I am glad of it, for men wear their hair in such an unbecoming style nowadays.

Comb.—The most distinguished-looking men are bald.

Mr. S.—Now, my coat.

Coat.—I won't go with you; I am accustomed only to good society. I don't want any rice-powder on me.

Mr. S.—Come, come. [*Puts it on roughly.*]

Coat.—You tyrant!

Lining [*tearing*].—Cra-ack!

Mr. S.—Where have my gloves gone? I can't find anything in this place.

Glove-Box.—That is not to be wondered at, seeing that your wife always puts out your clothes for you.

Mr. S.—They must be in this box.

Lock.—Cri-ick!

Mr. S. [*taking out a pair of gloves*].—Ah, how tiny! These are my wife's; I cannot wear anything but No. 8 wide, or 9 narrow. What a dear little glove this is, and what a dear little hand, all dimples, goes into it.

Madame's Glove.—We have been admired before.

Madame's Other Glove.—I wager that Irma wears No. 7.

Rug.—And her shoes are No. 6.

Mr. S.—The flower in my button-hole, and I am ready.

Jasmine.—At last! Look in the glass once more; oh, you are charming!

Mirror.—Ahem!

Mr. S.—Not so bad.

Opera Hat.—Don't forget me.

Mr. S.—And my opera glasses.

Madame's Glasses.—We beg to be excused this time.

Monsieur's Glasses.—That's right, polish us up; the fun is going to begin again.

Andirons.—How improper!

Screen.—Would any one have believed it?

Tongs.—Oh, men, men!

Clock.—Ding!

Mr. S.—There, it is half-past nine! I shall not have time to order a bouquet. In five minutes she will go on the stage. No flowers to-night.

Pocketbook.—So much the better.

Mr. S.—If I do not see her dance to-night——

Newspaper.—You will not lose much.

Mr. S.—To tell the truth, Irma is not likely to become cele-

brated as a dancer. But there is a fascination about her I cannot describe. I shall wait for her at the stage-door; she expects me. I know I made an impression upon her.

Jasmine.—She loves you for yourself alone.

Mr. S. [*blandly*].—I believe it.

Pocketbook.—Why are you cramming me with bank-notes?

Mr. S.—I cannot go out without money. I shall want a coat check, and——

Jasmine.—Will you ever be ready?

Mr. S.—Yes, yes; let us go. [*His foot strikes against something.*] What is that?

Slipper.—It is I.

Mr. S. [*picking it up*].—Poor little thing, did I hurt you? How small it is! I can take it in the palm of my hand. There was a learned man once who said: "I have kept two souvenirs of my lost love—a packet of the letters into which she put her soul, and a slipper into which she used to put her foot, and whenever I open my relic drawer the sight of that little slipper moves me to tears." I believe the woman that wise man loved had a foot just like Andrée's. My wife has not only pretty feet, she has also pretty hands, pretty hair and pretty eyes, and, oh, she is beautiful!

Perfume-Case.—Have a little scent.

Mr. S.—Yes, of course I must.

Scent-Bottle.—New-mown hay?

Mr. S.—That is Andrée's favorite; mine also, but I think Irma prefers musk.

Book.—*Male olet qui bene olet.*

Mr. S.—I despise Latin quotations. Now I am off. [*Looks in mirror.*]

Mirror.—Lovelace! Don Juan!

Jasmine.—Vanquisher of the sex! Hurry, now. I am withering.

Bed-Curtain.—Do not go.

Mr. S.—I must; I have promised.

Pillow.—You will be sorry.

Madame's Portrait on the Wall.—Henry!

Mr. S.—Yes, I see you. It is only a little joke, my darling; it is no disloyalty to you.

Portrait.—Ah, Henry! Husband!

Mr. S.—Dearest Andrée, do not look at me so. [*Turns picture to wall.*]

Jasmine.—That is ingenious. Come, now.

Baby's Cradle [*catching hold of his foot*].—Do not go.

Mr. S.—How pretty you are, with your dainty lace curtains, your satin coverlet, your tiny down pillow! You look just like a little bird's nest.

Portrait.—Husband! [*Throws jasmine into fire.*]

Fire [*burning it up*].—Good-by, my friend.

Mr. S.—I will not go.

Furniture.—Good, good!

Clock.—Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

Mr. S.—Or rather, I will go——

All.—Alas!

Mr. S.—I will go to Dijon. There is a train at eleven, and my important business is done. Andrée will be so pleased, and baby will laugh.

Valise.—I am with you.

The Prie-Dieu.—Amen!

HOW WE HUNG RED SHED.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WHERE or how he had dug up the name of "Shed" no one ever knew. How or where or when he dug himself up no one ever knew or cared. But his big, round, red face, heavy red beard, and brick-dust hair plainly have to answer for the first part of his name. He was a big, stupid, heavy man, with a low, soft voice and a kindly manner, with very little to say. He did not use a jack-knife to whittle dry-goods boxes and hitching-posts, like most men

when loafing about the door of the saloon, but stood with his big, heavy legs wide apart, his broad shoulders stooped and his hands thrust deep in his pockets, as if on the deck of a ship.

Sid Berry, his partner, had a pack-train and a big, burly wife with a jaw like a wolf-trap. No one knew where Berry and the woman came from. In fact, nobody knew or cared to know where anybody came from. We had found gold by chance one day about noon, and before night we had a "city" staked off, and every man, the big woman included, had a lot and a mining claim. We were a lawless mob, and so must have law and order; a recorder to record our claims and town lots, a judge to pass judgment, and a sheriff to enforce it. And so one night, by the light of a great pine-knot fire in the centre of the "city square," the men and that woman met, and Tom Hound, the butcher, was elected sheriff, and the writer of this, judge.

Shed had a big, woolly, black dog devoted to him; and that woman was devoted to him, too. We boys all saw this very soon. Where there is only about one woman and a half to several hundred men, the boys are apt to see what is up.

After a time, the pack-train started for The Dalles, Berry, his big wife, Red Shed, the woolly dog, and all. One morning four miners met the pack-train about half-way from The Dalles, as they were coming back to Canyon City loaded with supplies. The big woman rode the bell mule at the head of the pack-train, and swore lustily at the men and their laden horses for not getting out of her way faster. Behind the pack-train came Red Shed shuffling along, leading his horse, and with head held down. The dog was not to be seen and Berry was not in sight, either.

But as they crossed a spur of the mountain and came to a creek, they saw off to the right, or, rather, the first bend, old woolly howling dismally by the edge of a thicket. The dog did not seem to see them or notice them, but would start on after the pack-train, then stop and howl, as if to tell the big woman and Red Shed that they had forgotten something.

So when the dog, after howling a minute or so, turned about and ran back into the thicket, one of the men handed his bridle to

the miner nearest him in the trail, and, gun in hand, went to see what was up. There lay Berry in the edge of the bush, dead—shot through the head, his hair all blood and his torn clothes all dust from having been dragged there.

The men wrote everything down in a little note-book with a pencil, so that there could be no mistake about the facts; and then, having nothing to dig a grave with, they found a hollow place not far off on the hillside and laid the body there, covering it with a heap of stones. They said nothing when they got back till the pack-train came in, Shed, the big woman, the big woolly dog, too.

The next day after the pack-train got back, Tom Hound, the sheriff, called at the big woman's camp. She was washing a pair of blankets and the water was bloody. She told Hound that Shed had killed an antelope and tied it while yet warm on top of his pack. Where was Berry? Oh, Berry and she had divided up at The Dalles; he had gone his way and she had come her way, "and that is all there is of that!" Her fingers snapped in the air, she tossed her big head as she turned on her big heel, and her jaws snapped like a steel-trap.

Hound found Shed, the old dog at his heels, out on the hill with the mules. His feet wide apart, his hands deep in his pockets, and his head bent low, he was watching a colony of ants re-forming their curious little city. A mule had set its foot in this ant-hill, and the big man with head down was so busy, so sorry, as he watched them, that he did not see or hear Hound till his hand was on his shoulder.

"All right, Tom; only let me lead the mules down to water and sort 'er herd 'em up a bit."

The trial was held in the city square that night, by the light of a big log fire, and the dog was the only friend that Red Shed had. The big woman was not there. Why she was not there, why she was not then a prisoner and on trial also does seem strange. But, ah! those were the days when women had women's rights to perfection. For after the trial and the sentence of death had been passed—and all rather hastily, so that the boys might not lose any sleep, but be up in good time to see the hanging—the Court, on his

way to his cabin, saw her placidly taking down a pair of blankets from the clothes' line.

Hound worked all night and got up a first-rate scaffold by the little graveyard. In fact, any one to look at it would have said it was equal to the scaffolds of a much older civilization.

"'Bout noon suit you, Shed?"

"All right, Tom; 'bout noon."

"Thought I'd kinder like to let the boys git in from round about. They don't have much to 'muse 'em, you know."

"All right, Tom; let 'em git in."

It was a warm day to be so late in the fall. There were four of us on the scaffold—Shed, Hound, the dog and myself. Shed had sent Hound to ask me to say something, or, at least, help sing. But it was awful to be there! The dog kept rolling his big, woolly head up against Shed's tied legs, and whining and whining all the time, as if it were he and not quiet and passive old Red Shed that was to be hung.

There was an immense crowd—a queer, curious crowd. It came up so close that it jammed against the new scaffold till it creaked and creaked. The men, as I remember them now, nearly all had their mouths open as they looked up at us. I distinctly recall looking away down in one man's throat. I counted his teeth as I stood there and tried to keep from thinking and breaking down. Some Indians sat on a hill a little way off watching us. And Waymire, now one of the big lawyers of San Francisco, sat on his horse, with his soldiers not far beyond, watching the Indians; for Waymire was then a distinguished young officer in the army.

There was a little commotion close by, and the scaffold again creaked as a tall, lank, sun-burned and slender man, all rags and hat and shoes, with an ox-whip under his arm, pushed the dog aside, and, stepping to the very edge of the scaffold, said, hastily: "'Scuse me, gentlemen, my steers is strayed, and I thought that some of you a-comin' into the hangin' might 'a' seen 'em; a ball-face an' a brindle; emigrant steers, purty poor steers, but all me an' my folks have got, an' I've got to find 'em. Didn't see 'em,

nobody? Two steers, two emigrant steers; a ball-face and a brindle."

No one spoke. The man whose teeth I had been counting shut up shop for a second, and I managed to get my eyes away from him and off to the dusty old emigrant, who was about backing down from the scaffold to the ground. Now, the way that he spoke told me that he was a sort of preacher, or exhorter at least. I whispered this to Hound.

"I say, chip in here. All right, Shed, eh?"

"All right, Tom; let 'em chip."

The lank man let his hat fall down by the dog and his knees fell on the hat with a thump. Then Hound wanted to kneel, too, for he did not like his job, I can tell you that, but his right hand was holding on to the gnarly and twisted noose, and he knew better than to let go of it. So he looked at Shed and he said:

"You don't mind, Shed?"

"I don't mind, Tom."

And so he put on the noose around the man's neck and kindly looked and waited a second to see if it was all right.

"Hurt ye, Shed?"

"No, don't hurt; don't hurt now, Tom."

And then Tom went down on his knees, and the boys bowed their heads and cried. You could hear them cry. Why, the very old dog seemed to feel the atmosphere of pity and the pathos of the scene.

But let us end this. The old emigrant arose; his hat lay before him and Hound stooped to pick it up.

"Give us that hat," said a husky voice below.

Hound handed down the hat.

"'Bout done, Tom?" whispered Shed.

"'Bout done, Shed, jist a minute now," answered Tom, as he raised up with the hat, heavy from the collection. Shed saw this and said:

"Tom."

"Well, Shed?"

"Lend me a dollar till, till——"

"Why, Shed, here! I'll chip in for both, see?"

"Thank yer, Tom. An' now, Tom?"

"Well, Shed?"

"Ye'll see me put away, eh?"

"Why, there, see? That's the grave all ready, Shed."

"Thank yer, Tom, thank yer; an' I'm all ready."

Then such a crash and jerk! The dog sprang down to the ground, and began to howl, and the men fell back and down, as if shot by grape-shot and canister.

Around and around swung the huge and heaving body, and then it suddenly stopped—stopped right still, and, with the face lifted and the head a little sidewise, it looked straight at Tom Hound and me—looked black at us, you may say, but not unkindly, for only two or three seconds, yet it seemed years, for no one had thought of the black cap.

Then quick and suddenly it began to twist and whirl and wind the other way, and we two tumbled back and down to the ground as best we could, for fear that we might faint.

I left Hound to finish his work alone and went home, but more than once the old dog bumped his huge bowed head against my heels. The next morning I found him lying close by my door; and he put out his nose a little, licked his tongue out just the least bit, as if he wanted to say that his brave old heart was broken, but he didn't whine at all.

Of course, I couldn't stand the dog at all, and so I went to Hound. After some muttering and sullen protests against my requests that he should take the dog to the woman, he finally put a tow-string around his huge neck and we together led him to her cabin.

She came tearing out like a wild beast, a kettle of hot water in one hand and a knife in the other, and oaths enough in her mouth to sink a ship.

"You've hung an innocent man!" she shrieked, as she hurled the boiling water at Hound.

"Then who killed Berry?" I shouted back over my shoulder from a safe distance.

"I killed him, and I'll kill you, you devil!" She was frenzied with rage, but we were well out of her way.

"Have to hang another one, Tom," I said, finally, after we had walked to his butcher shop in silence.

He tied the dog back by his bunk and patted his bowed old head for a long time. Then he came out and up to me, and said, sharply, "Not much."

"Well, what will we do?"

"What will we do? Keep our mouths shut an' do nothin'; that's what we'll do. Didn't you know afore that Shed was a-dyin' for her? Well, I did, an' that's why I kinder took to Shed an' tried to make his hangin' easy-like. He was willin' to die for her, an' he did die for her, an' that settles it."

And the next morning, before the break of day, a big woman on a big bell mule, with a bunch of grass stuffed in the mule's bell, rode quietly out of camp on her way to The Dalles.

A CAUTIOUS WOOER.

MILLER VINTON.

HE: Would you object to my proposing to you?

SHE [*with timorous composure*]: Not the slightest.

HE: You would be perfectly willing that I should state in a few well-chosen words the length of time I have worshipped and loved you, and the terrible despair which has been mine as I saw you universally adored, and perceived how little chance there was of my hopes being realized while you remained queen over the hearts of suitors far more worthy?

SHE [*as before*]: Perfectly willing.

HE: Would you prefer me to make the proposal standing or kneeling?

SHE [*correctly lowering her eyes*]: I think the latter way would be far better form.

HE: Would you prefer the declaration in language fervid, fierce, and outspoken, or intense, passionate, and contained?

SHE [*with considerable promptness*]: Fervid, fierce, and outspoken.

HE: And would you deem it indiscreet if the proposer, during the declaration, should print some kisses on the hand of the proposee?

SHE [*with artless candor*]: Yes, if there were not anything better and more satisfying reasonably contiguous.

HE: If he encountered a feeble opposition merely, would you consider it unwise on the part of the proposer, should he pass his arm around the proposee's waist?

SHE [*gently but firmly*]: It would be, I think, a matter for extreme regret if he failed to comprehend whatever possibilities the situation presented.

HE: And in case the proposer should, after slight resistance, realize these possibilities, would you consider such slight resistance sufficient encouragement to justify him in fondly folding the proposee to his heart?

SHE [*as before*]: Undoubtedly.

HE: Taking it for granted, then, that the last situation has been consummated, can you see no reason why the proposer should not rightfully regard himself in the light of a magnificent success as a wooer?

SHE [*promptly*]: I cannot.

He: Or why he should not be joyful in the thought that for the nonce, at least, she is his, and he, hers?

SHE [*with some impatience*]: No.

HE: Now, appealing to you as belonging to that sex which intuitively sees and understands the peculiar proprieties of an emergency of this sort, are there not occasions more appropriate than others for a declaration of love?

SHE [*trifling nervously with handkerchief*]: There are. The elements of time, place, and liability of interruption must, of course, be properly regarded.

HE: Do you believe the present contains those elements?

SHE [*trifling more nervously with handkerchief*]: I have no doubt of it.

HE: You also believe, do you not, that tastes, inclinations—in fact, all dispositional characteristics are found to be conspicuously similar, more especially in family groups?

SHE [*trifling most nervously with handkerchief*]: Certainly.

HE: Now, for instance, you and your sister are, I fancy, vivid illustrations of this truism.

SHE [*elevating her eyebrows*]: Yes, Mabel and I are, so far as preferences and dislikes are concerned, singularly similar.

HE: Is your sister at home?

SHE [*slowly looking him over*]: I think she is.

HE: Will you tell her, please, I should like to see her—alone?

THE OLD FIRE-DOG.

THOMAS FROST.

RUSTY and dusty, long out of date,
Thrown in the lumber-room, minus its mate,
Gone to make way for the nickel-trimmed stove;
Gone like the days
When the log's merry blaze
Shone on the faces of friendship and love.

Tarnished old andiron, thing of the past,
Still o'er my fancy thy brightness is cast;
Memory lends me my spring-tide again.
Once more I sit,
Watching some one knit, knit,
Knitting the stockings and turning my brain.

Well I remember that clear Christmas night,
Well I remember the yule log so bright,
Well I remember that sweet, modest face;

Still I can hear,
As my chair I drew near,
The little heart beat 'neath its bodice of lace.

Never a word—just a peep in her eyes;
Never a word—just a blush of surprise;
Down fell the stockings, and, love to betray,
Up came a—well,
I am sure I can tell
What gleamed in her eye, for I kissed it away!

Ingle ne'er glowed with so cheerful a flame;
Gold, burnished gold, your dark features became.
Even the sparks seemed our secret to know,
Winking, sly things,
As they rose on bright wings,
At two of their kin with affection aglow.

Scarcely a year from that rapturous night,
Stole we again to the log's quiet light
(Music and mirth for a moment aside),
Just to repeat
Our love-vows so sweet;
Just to stand near you—a bridegroom and bride.

Little we said, but that little was much;
"Wedded!" her orange-crowned head, at my touch,
Gently, so gently fell o'er to my breast;
"Wedded!" and then
We lived over again
In silence, the knitting, the blush—and the rest!

Dear me! just think, half a century back!
I haven't a hair, so thick once and black!
My grandson's a man and my son's beard is white.
Youth's sunny day
Fast, too fast, ebbs away,
But age's chill eve slowly melts into night.

Bless thee, old cobwebby friend of my youth;
Time to us both has been heartless, in truth!
Come to the window! ah, what do I care
For the dust and the crust
Of your decades of rust?
See the spire on the hill? Well, she rests over there!

Farewell, old fellow; this gout in my knee
Puts quite a distance between you and me.
Sometime I'll try, though, to get up above,
When I feel in the way,
As I have done to-day,
With young Jack in my chair by the stove—making love!

ALICE MAUDE.

THERE'S a willow near my casement,
Very old and gray;
Branches gnarled in crank enlacement,
Bark half peeled away;
And this mournful willow, whether
In the summer still,
Or when roaring wintry weather
Buffets the brown hill,
At my window taps incessant
With its fingers white,
Ever, ever unquiescent
Through the night.

'Tis, I swear, no idle fancy
That this ghostly tree
By some sylvan necromancy
Seeks to speak with me.
Ah, it knows the tearful history
Of the long ago—
Ah, it knows the canker mystery
Of my woe!

In this ancient house lived Alice,
  (This her very room)—
'Twas an old colonial palace,
  Ere that brazen boom
Thundered freedom from the State House
  Through the thrilling land.
In those days it was a great house,
  Spacious, feudal, grand;
And a haughty English owner
  Held it from the King.
Little then thought squire or donor
  How bells ring!

Well, 'twas taken from the royal
  George that reigned abroad,
And bestowed on brave, disloyal,
  Haughty Colonel Maude—
Maude, who at the Cowpens scurried
  Tarleton's troops to wreck;
Maude, who left his right arm buried
  Underneath Quebec!
He obtained this house manorial,
  And, when all was peace,
Held there sway gubernatorial
  With his niece.

Ah, his niece, the brown-haired Alice,
  Young, and wild, and free!
Oh, with all her maiden malice,
  She was dear to me!
Dear when first I saw her nestled
  In the new-mown swale;
Dear when last I saw her tresseled
  And so pale!

I came of a race of farmers,
  Poor, but beyond price.

I had no ancestral armors,
  Motto or device.
How could I, then, dare to pester
  Her of haughty grade—
She who boasted an ancestor
  In crusade?

Yet she loved me, never caring
  For my birth and wealth—
Love knows no armorial bearing
  Save good faith and health—
Loved me with an honest passion,
  No romantic whine,
But in old straightforward fashion
  Pledged her hand in mine.
Oh! the Colonel must not know it!
  He, the fearful man,
Sure would lay us, did we show it,
  Under ban.

Every night, with footsteps eager,
  I the garden sought,
That old chateau to beleaguer—
  Danger was as naught.
Up the willow's trunk ascended
  To the stalwart branch
That down to her casement trended;
  Thence an easy launch
To the room that held my treasure—
  There she waited me.
Oh! what hours I owe of pleasure
  To that tree!

Ne'er was love more sacred surely
  Than that love of ours,
And our young lips met as purely
  As two kissing flowers.

Oh! what plans we then created
  Of the happier life
We would lead when we were mated
  As true man and wife.
But our thoughts were all so selfish
  That our eyes were blind
To the fiend that, black and elfish,
  Lurked behind.

One night in the summer twilight,
  As we sat embraced,
And I gazed upon the shy light
  That her blue eyes graced,
Came a huge, wide shadow creeping
  Down the wall of gray,
Like the hawk's black shadow sweeping
  On his dazzled prey;
I looked up; the Colonel's figure
  Seemed to fill the place—
Set his lips, and white with rigor
  Was his face.

You would think he had not seen us,
  He stood so very still,
Looking stonily between us,
  Like a marble will;
Till, as if some fiend inspired it,
  He a pistol drew,
Took long aim at me and fired it;
  Then, before I knew
What had happ'd, 'mid such confusing
  I heard one low shriek,
And *she* fell—the hot blood oozing
  O'er her cheek!

Two graves in the churchyard lying,
  Hers, and his beside.
One heart in the old house sighing
  For a murdered bride.
Sighing! cursing this undying
  Human pride!

DANCING IN THE FLAT CREEK QUARTERS.

JOHN A. MACON.

LISTEN when I call de figgers! Watch de music es you go!
Chassay forrard! (Now look at 'em! Some too fas' an' some too slow!)
Step out when I gibs de order; keep up even wid de line;
What's got in dem lazy niggers? Stop dat stringin' out behin'!

All go forrard to de centre! Balance roun' an' den go back!
Keep on in de proper 'rection, right straight up an' down de crack!
Moobe up sides an' min' de music; listen when you hear me speak!
(Jes' look at dem Pea Ridge niggers, how dey's buckin' 'gin de Creek!)

Dat's de proper action, Sambo! Den you done de biznis right!
Now show 'em how you knocked de splinters at de shuckin' t'udder night.
Try to do your lebbel bes', an' stomp it like you use to do;
Jes' come down on de "Flat Creek step," an' show de Ridge a thing or two!

Now look at dat limber Jonah, tryin' to tech de fancy fling!
(Who ebber seed a yaller nigger dat could cut de pidgin'-wing?)
Try dat kick agin dar, Moses; tell you what, dat's hard to beat!
(How kin sech a little nigger handle sech a pile o' feet!)

Swing your corners! Turn your pardners! ('Pears de motion's gettin' slow,)
What's de matter wid de music? Put some rosgum on dat bow!
Moobe up, Tom—don' be so sleepy! Let 'em see what you kin do;
Light off in de "gra-vine-twis'" an' knock de "double shuffle," too!

Gosh! Dat double-j'inted Steben flings a hifalutin' hoof!
He kicks de dus' plum out de planks an' jars de shingles on de roof!
Steady, now, an' check de motion! Let de fiddler stop de chune;
I smell de 'possum froo de crack, an' supper's gwine to call you soon.

De white folks come it mighty handy, waltzin' 'roun' so nice an' fine;
But when you come to reg'lar *dancin'*, niggers leabes 'em way behin'!

CROQUET.

OUT on the lawn in the evening gray
Went Willie and Kate. I said, "Which way?"
And they both replied, "Croquet, croquet."

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was bright as though lit by day:
From the windows I looked to see croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display;
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself: "Soon we'll see croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth side by side sat they;
And I thought to myself: "Is *that* croquet?"

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way;
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—what a queer croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May;
But I knew by her blushes she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, "Now, *that's* croquet."

A LEGEND OF THE TRUE.

MARIETTA F. CLOUD.

LONG years ago, in distant lands, when kings were strong in might,
When royal halls were clad in iron, and force was law and right,
King Oswald reigned; his castle walls the strongest in the land,
Each haughty noble, far or near, must answer his command;
None dared withstand what he would ask, and Oswald's conquering sword
Had made all nations round about acknowledge him their lord.

Peace reigned; the swords hung on the walls, but Oswald's mighty heart
Was restless till some wayward thought revealed the world of art.

Here was a novel, untried life, and, like a child at play,
The warlike king forgot all else, and added every day
Some beauty to his palace halls, and artists all the while
Were feasted at the royal board and shared the kingly smile.

Rich purple curtains on the walls were stirred by perfumed air;
From all the world his gold had brought old pictures, rich and rare;
The poet chanted out his song to music's dreamiest sound;
The tinkling feet of dancing-girls were heard in halls around;
The minstrel touched his light harp-string, and sang his richest lay;
In sculptured courts of rare design the plashing fountains play.

But in the hall which held the throne one vacant niche was seen.
"That niche," King Oswald said with pride, "belongs to our good Queen.
The statue that shall fill that place must far eclipse the rest;
To her who shares the throne with me, I offer but the best.
And I myself will journey for one year from this, to see
What artist has the thing I count as worthy mine and me."

Weeks came and went; the artists wrought with patient toil and art,
Each hoped the figure that he carved might please King Oswald's heart;
All worked and kept this end in view, save one, who lived alone;
He had no thought to please the King; his art was but his own.
Young and unknown, in poverty, early and late he sought
To make the senseless marble speak the wonder of his thought.

One figure more than all the rest his weary hours beguiled,
Half goddess, for the eyes were grave, half woman, for she smiled.
He loved the marble, still and cold, and wrought with patient care,
Smiling with joy to see each day the statue grow more fair.
Almost complete the figure stood when Oswald chanced one day,
With all his retinue of lords, across the artist's way.

'Twas evening, and the sun's last rays came through the open door,
Touching the statue where it stood upon the shabby floor;
The crimson curtain half concealed and half revealed its charms,
While at its feet, prostrated there, his head upon his arms,
The artist lay, hungry and worn from toil, and without gold
To buy the needed food and rest, till something should be sold.

Wrapped in dejected thought, he heard no sound before the door
Where Oswald, awestruck, paused to view the statue on the floor.
"Ye gods! this is the thing I seek; no farther will I go;
Methinks no artist in the land a greater work could show.
It is the fairest piece of stone mine eyes have ever seen,
And were it life, almost, methinks, I should forget my Queen!"

The artist started to his feet. "Who enters here?" cried he.
"Thy King," replied his royal guest; "hast thou not wrought for me?
Didst thou not carve to please my eye this woman's figure here?"
"Not so, my King," the artist said; "thy mandate reached my ear,
But with no thought to please the King, the hours that were mine
I wrought to please the gods, because their mandate was divine.

"Not less, O King, my heart is glad that this finds grace with thee,"
And as he spoke, before the King he dropped upon his knee.
The frown cleared from King Oswald's face. "Thy work," he said, "is true.
What inspiration guided thee?"
"To do the best I knew;
And as I wrought upon the stone and saw each day, my King,
The senseless marble more and more grow like a living thing,

"I toiled more earnestly to carve the dream the gods had shown,
Until it almost seems to live when I am here alone."
"And yet, methinks," the King replied, "to make it more like life,
There should be in the woman's face some passion and some strife,
Something to show that she is meant to be like human kind;
Such perfect purity and grace in life we never find.

"The garment is too simply wrought; make some adornment there!
And, for my pleasure, carve a crown to rest upon the hair,
Something to show that, stone or life, she might be bought with gold,
Then ask what price thou wilt, it shall be paid a hundred-fold!"
"'Tis not my dream," the artist said; "I cannot make it so.
Unless thou take it as it is, the statue cannot go."

"Thou dost refuse!" the King exclaimed, his hand upon his sword;
"Thou darest to defy my word, who art not e'en a lord!
Hear this: When I shall come again, carve thou thy senseless stone
To please my taste, for know, thou dog, thy work is not thine own!
Carve as I will, or thou shalt be an exile from the land,
And all the work thou prizest so ground into useless sand!

"What dost thou say to this, thou fool? Wilt thou yet dare despise
The mandate of a king?" The artist raised his eyes:
"I must be true to self, O King, though all the world betray;
To reach the highest, truest thing there is no other way."
King Oswald curled his lip in scorn: "I know the power of gold;
A mind that does not bend to fear may, oftentimes, be sold.

"I go, and when I send thee word, bring this as I decree,
And thou shalt have a king's reward and all shall honor thee."
Alone within his silent room the suffering artist wrought:
"Before the King destroys my work I must perfect my thought.
Oh, am I right, ye gods?" he cried, "to starve within the land,
When gold and honor wait if I fulfil the King's command?"

The torch burned low; he ceased to work; the statue stood complete;
Then in an ecstasy of joy, he knelt and kissed the feet.
"O marble lips, that almost speak, O eyes that seem to see,
Not for the wealth of all the world I'll mar thy purity!"
He slept in peace, and woke to find a soft ray pierce the gloom,
And suddenly a silver light was flooding all the room.

He was alone, and yet he heard a voice that spoke his name,
And said: "Fear not, the gods are good; from them this message came:
'He who is true to his ideal, as thou hast been to thine,
Shall sometimes find his work receive the touch of the Divine.'"
The voice was silent, but the light with greater radiance shone
Around the artist, where he sat and watched the carven stone.

Was it the crimson curtain's hue that cast that lifelike glow
Upon the cheek and parted lip, so white an hour ago?
And did her flowing raiment, carved in lines of perfect grace,
Deceive his fancy, so he thought she stirred within her place?
Did marble breathe? or had his brain grown mad with its unrest,
That underneath her robe he saw the heaving of her breast?

It was no dream. She slowly stirred and turned toward him her face,
Then, with her arms extended wide, she started from her place.
Awe-struck he stood, but at her touch he felt a strange, new fire:
"O life, O joy, the gods have more than granted my desire!
Yet in my heart what tumult reigns, with joy and pain at strife!
In marble thou wert mine—alas! who claims thee now in life?"

With folded hands and drooping head she stood before him there,
A daughter of the gods, a woman calm and fair.
"O love, who were so true to me, I am thy soul's ideal;
Touched by the hand of the Divine, thy marble work is real.
And when the gods to me had given the breath that granted life,
They one condition made, that thou shouldst love me as thy wife.

"If thou canst not, I may not live, but must return to stone,
So speak and say what it shall be; thy power I must own."
"O love," he pressed his lips to hers, "what need is there to ask?
I grew to know thee as I wrought each day upon my task,
And I adored the marble cold; but when the gods above
Had given thee the breath of life, O then I knew to love!"

And still in legendary lore is told unto this day,
How, far beyond King Oswald's power, the gods bore them away,
How, side by side, in foreign lands with loving care they wrought;
And ever in the quaint old tale one lesson still is taught:
He who is true in all he does to what the gods design,
Shall some day find his work receive the touch of the Divine.

A QUIET EVENING AT CARDS.

"SMITH was asking me to-day," said Mr. Bowser, as he laid down his evening paper, "if we wouldn't drop over some evening and have a four-handed game of euchre with them."

"Why, I should like to go over any evening," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"He and his wife play 'most every evening."

"Yes!"

"If you only knew how to play we might have a game now and then."

"I have been told that I play fairly well," she quietly replied.

"Have, eh! I suppose we might have a game or two, though, of course, I can play my cards with my eyes shut. Have you got a pack around?"

"Mr. Bowser, I am perfectly willing to play, but you must promise me not to get mad if you are beaten."

"Mad! What are you talking about? The idea of me getting mad over a game of cards!"

"Do you promise?"

"My dear woman, in about ten minutes from now you will begin to turn red and white, and get so mad that a yoke of oxen can't hold you. You are the one to make promises. Get the cards, and if you win one game out of ten I'll buy you a $20 hat."

"If I win more games than you do—you won't—you won't feel put out?" she asked, as they sat down to the table.

"Good lands! but what is the woman talking about? Mrs.

Bowser, I've played more games of euchre than you've got hairs in your head, and no one ever knew me to feel anything but serene. A husband who can't play a game of cards with his wife without getting mad had better hang up. Go ahead and deal. The poorest player always has the deal. 'Hearts are trumps, eh? Ah, ha! I will proceed to lead this."

Mr. Bowser had a good hand, and scored a march, and after counting up he leaned back and laughed, and asked:

"Any other little game that you can play better than this, Mrs. Bowser?"

He dealt and scored another point and chuckled some more, and when the game was finished she had scored only one point.

"Beginning to get red in the face already—ha! ha! ha!" he laughed. "You have promised not to get mad, though, and I shall hold you to it."

She had nothing to say, but scored a march on the new game. Mr. Bowser tried hard to laugh, but three or four minutes later, when the game was finished and she clapped her hands and shouted "Chicago!" there wasn't a sign of a smile on his face as he replied:

"Do you want to wake up the whole town? Perhaps you don't know that I gave you that game just to encourage you. You looked ready to cry."

"Please don't give me any more."

"Don't you worry! You don't get another single point tonight!"

She did, though. She got the first point on the new game, and he began to look very sober. He brightened up a little when he scored one, but that was all he got on the game.

"That's even games, and I'm a Chicago ahead!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, it is, eh? It's a wonder you didn't get the other game as well! Swindling and cheating at cards don't seem to trouble some people's consciences!"

"But I didn't cheat!"

"Um! Don't try it again, Mrs. Bowser! Spades are trumps, and what do you do?"

"I order you up."

"Order me up! What's that for?"

"Because it's the best I've got."

"You can't do it! You have got to pass!"

"No, I haven't. If I think I can make a point I can order you up, of course."

"I don't believe it; but, rather than have a great fuss over it, I'll take it up. What are you leading the right bower for?"

"I want to take all the tricks. I can lead any way I want to, can't I?"

"Oh, well, go ahead and see how you'll come out!"

She came out by winning the game, while Mr. Bowser had scored only two points.

"That's a game and a Chicago ahead, Mr. Bowser! Instead of one game out of ten, I've won two out of three!"

"Yes, but how did you win 'em? If you'd played honestly you wouldn't have scored two points on a game! There's the trump. What do you do?"

"I order you up," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Order me up! You can't do it!"

"Of course, I can."

"Not much! No one ever heard of such a thing!"

"Hoyle says that if you have a strong hand and think——"

"Hoyle! Hoyle! Who is Hoyle? Does Hoyle run this family? Is Hoyle playing this game of cards or are we?"

"But, my dear, Hoyle is authority on cards."

"Never! I allow no man to make rules for me! You either say you'll pass, or I don't play any more."

To preserve the peace Mrs. Bowser passed, and he turned it down. She then made the trump hearts.

"But you can't do it," he protested. "When I turn down diamonds how can you make it hearts?"

"Can't I make it what I wish?"

"No, ma'am, you can't—not in this game! If you were playing with some two-year-old baby you might play a baby game, but you've either got to play a straight game or quit!"

"Mr. Bowser, Hoyle says that when your opponent——"

"Hoyle again! I tell you Hoyle has nothing to do with it! There! we don't play any more! I knew how it would end when we sat down."

"I'm afraid, dear, that you don't really understand the game of euchre."

"I don't, eh? I, who was playing euchre forty years before you were born, don't understand the game! That settles it, Mrs. Bowser—settles it forever! If I should live to be ten thousand years old, I'd never play another game with you! I see now why so many husbands are driven from home—why so many go to destruction. It's because they can't find any comfort at home!"

"Mr. Bowser, you promised me before we sat down that——"

"And who raised this row? Who set out to deliberately swindle and cheat? But it's no use to say more. I ought to have known better. Every husband ought to know better. I'm going to bed!"

GRANDMA'S WEDDING-DAY.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

WHEN we were merry children, eyes of blue and hair of gold,
We listened to a story by a sweet-faced lady told;
Yes, in the twilight of her life, when she was old and gray,
We loved to hear the story of grandma's wedding-day.

There was a lack of bridal gifts—no gold and silver fine,
No jewels from across the sea, upon her brow to shine;
A man in homespun clothes stood up and gave the bride away—
For all was sweet simplicity on grandma's wedding-day.

There was no surpliced minister, no bell above them hung,
They stood upon the forest sward—this couple, fair and young;
And when the parson called them one and wished them years of bliss,
The groom received his only gift—a soft and holy kiss.

A cabin in the forest stood to welcome home the pair,
And happy birds among the trees made music in the air;
She was the reigning backwoods belle—the bride so fair and gay—
And this is why the birds were glad upon her wedding-day.

Thus life began for grandma, in the forest dim and old,
And where she lived a city stands, with stateliness untold;
She told us how the Indian came the settler brave to fight,
And how she rocked the cradle to the wolf's long howl at night.

The cradle was an oaken trough, untrimmed with costly lace,
But in it nestled, now and then, a bright, cherubic face;
And grandma was as happy then as though a mansion grand
Above her rose like some we see throughout our lovely land.

I cherish now a lock of hair—'tis not of silver-gray—
She clipped it in the sunlight fair, though years have passed away;
It is a tress of grandma's hair, as bright as when she stood
And, blushing, took her bridal vows within the pathless wood.

On yonder hill, this golden morn, she takes her dreamless rest;
The wrinkled hands, so often kissed, lie crossed upon her breast;
And gently on her finger, ere we laid her form away,
We placed the simple ring she wore upon her wedding-day.

LITTLE PAUL'S THANKSGIVING.

THEY tossed him and they squeezed him and they kissed him, one and all;
They said, "You blessed, blessed boy!" and "Darling little Paul!"

But they didn't give him turkey, nor any pumpkin pie,
And when the nuts and grapes went round they slyly passed him by.

But he didn't seem to mind it, for in the sweetest way
He sat and sucked his little thumb his first Thanksgiving Day.

A BACHELOR'S LOVE SONG.

J. H. RYAN.

MY bachelor's den is a queer old pen,
In the midst of a city's din,
O'erlooking the tide that goes ebbing out
And the flow that comes rushing in.

'Tis cheerful and bright, 'tis a home to me—
A quiet and peaceful place—
Tho' it ne'er knew the warmth of a woman's heart,
Nor the light of a woman's face.

I sit in the dusk as the sun goes down,
And smoke in a dreamful way,
And gaze at the paintings that hang on the wall,
The faces and friends far away.

One is the face of a fair young girl,
As bright as the morning skies,
Who smiles at me ever with angel's love
From the depths of her dark-blue eyes.

She was my first, my only love;
Forget her I never can;
Her love has followed me all through life,
And made me a better man.

Hers are the lips I first tenderly kissed,
With love as deep as the sea;
And the last lips I kissed, as I bade home farewell,
Were the lips that are smiling at me.

Ah, mother, my love for you never grew dim
Through the long years of toil and unrest,
And I love you to-day as I did long ago,
When you lulled me to sleep at your breast.

THEN AND NOW.

NOW that the pain is gone, I, too, can smile
At such a foolish picture: You and me
Together in that moonlit summer night,
Within the shadow of an aspen-tree.

My hand was on your shoulder; I was wild.
How furious the blood seethed through my heart!
But you—oh, you were saintly calm and cold;
You moved my hand and said, "'Tis best we part!"

My face fell on the bands of your fair hair,
A moonbeam struck across my hungry eye,
And struck across your balmy crimson mouth;
I longed to kiss you, and I longed to die!

Die in the shadow of the trembling tree,
Trembling my soul away upon your breast.
You smiled, and drifted both your snowy hands
Against my forehead, and your fingers pressed

Faintly and slow adown my burning face.
A keen sense of the woman touched you then,
The nice dramatic sense you women have,
Playing upon the feelings of us men!

Long years have passed since that midsummer night,
But still I feel the creeping of your hand
Along my face. If I returned once more,
And in the shadow of that tree should stand

With you there, answer! would you kiss me back?
Would you reject me if I sued again?
How strange this is! I think my madness lasts,
Although I'm sure I have forgot the pain!

IN TERROR OF DEATH.

PEDRO DE ALARÇON.

Translated by Mary J. Serrano.

YOU know what a sorrowful day for Tarragona was the 28th of June, 1811. But you cannot imagine the horrors attending the taking of the city. You did not see 5,000 Spaniards perish in ten hours; you did not see houses and churches in flames; you did not see unarmed old men and helpless women slaughtered in cold blood; you did not see pillage and drunkenness mingling with murder. You did not see, in short, one of the greatest exploits of the conqueror of the world, the hero of our age, the demi-god Napoleon!

I saw it all! I saw the sick rise from the bed of suffering, dragging after them their sheets, like shrouds, to perish at the hands of foreign soldiers on the threshold. I saw lying in the street the body of a woman they had slaughtered, and at her side her infant, still nursing at its dead mother's breast; children weeping with terror at the horrors that surrounded them; despair and innocence taking refuge in suicide; impiety insulting the dead. Dangerously wounded, and unable to take further part in the conflict, I fled for refuge to the house of my betrothed. Full of anguish and terror, she stood at the window, fearing for my life and risking her own to see me in case I should chance to pass through the street. I entered and fastened the door, but my pursuers had already caught sight of Clara—and she was so beautiful!

They saluted her with a roar of savage joy and a burst of brutal laughter. A moment more and the door would yield to the axe and the flames. We were lost!

Clara's mother, carrying in her arms her year-old babe, led us to the cistern of the house, which was very deep and which was

now dry, as no rain had fallen for several months. There we concealed ourselves. This cistern, the floor of which might measure some eight yards square, and which was entered by a steep underground flight of steps, narrowed toward the top, like the mouth of a well, and opened into the centre of the court-yard, where a breastwork was built around it, above which two buckets were suspended from hooks attached to an iron bar for drawing water.

In the cistern we four might find safety. Seen from the yard, it seemed a simple well. The French would think we had made our escape by the roof. They soon declared that such was the case, uttering horrible oaths while they rested themselves in the shady yard, in the centre of which was the cistern.

Yes, we were saved! Clara bound up my bleeding hand, her mother caressed the babe, and I, although I was shivering from the chill which had followed the fever caused by my wound, smiled with happiness.

At this moment we noticed that the soldiers, wishing to slake their thirst, were trying to draw water from the cistern in which we were concealed. Picture to yourselves our anguish at that instant! We drew aside to make way for the bucket, which descended until it touched the floor. We scarcely dared to breathe. The bucket was drawn up again.

"The well is dry!" cried the soldiers.

"There must be water upstairs!" exclaimed one.

"They are going away!" we all said to ourselves.

"What if they should be concealed in this well?" cried a voice.

"What nonsense!" responded the Frenchman; "they could not have got down there so suddenly."

"That is true," responded the other.

Imagine the cruel fluctuations between hope and fear with which we had listened to the dialogue carried on at the very brink of the well. From the corners in which we were crouching we could see the shadow of their heads moving within the circle of light on the floor of the cistern. Every second seemed a century. At this moment the babe began to cry. At his first whimper his

mother silenced the sounds that threatened to betray our hiding-place, pressing the infant's tender face into her bosom.

"Did you hear that?" cried some one in the yard above.

"I heard nothing," responded another.

"Let us listen," said another.

Three horrible minutes passed. The babe struggled to get his voice, and the more closely his mother pressed his face into her bosom, the more violent were his struggles, but not the slightest sound was audible.

"It must have been an echo!" exclaimed a soldier.

"Yes, that was it," assented the rest, and they all took their departure.

We could hear the noise of their steps and the clanking of their sabres slowly dying away in the direction of the gate. The danger was past! But, alas! our deliverance had come too late. The babe neither cried nor struggled now. He was dead.

JENNY'S WHITE ROSE.

MRS. H. E. M. ALLEN.

IT was in the sweet June afternoon the busy housewife sat
All alone, save on the hearth-rug dozed the sleek, gray household cat;
For the small feet, wont to patter on the spotless kitchen floor,
In the sunny summer weather chased the daisied meadows o'er.

Out of doors the noisy swallows twittered underneath the eaves,
And a breezy joy had set a-quiver all the ancient poplar's leaves,
While the shining ripples chased each other through the tender wheat;
And the breath of clover blossoms from the mowing fields came sweet.

In the quaint old garden there were roses, white and blush and red;
There were ranks of gay sweet-williams, and of pinks a showy bed;
Balm with cups of sweetest nectar that the vagrant bees loved well,
And a clump of fringy southernwood that gave a goodly smell.

By the open window, with her mending-basket by her side,
Wearily the shining needle long the busy housewife plied;
Wearily, with many a sigh, for Jenny's heart was out of tune
With the gladness of the sunshine of the rare June afternoon.

Ah! it was the same old story! Woman's work was never done;
Always one dull round of labor from the dawn till set of sun!
Weeds were choking up her flower-beds; there upon the shelf unread
Lay the precious book of poems she so long had coveted.

Lost in discontented musings, scarce did Jenny's listless ear
Catch the sound of Robin's cheery whistle and swift footsteps near,
When a brown hand playfully was laid upon her silken hair,
Stroked it with a tender touch, and left a white rose sticking there.

It was but a simple white rose, and a brown hand's light caress,
Yet it cured so quickly all her heartache and her weariness;
And her eyes grew dim and tender with a sudden, happy rain,
For somehow that white rose in her hair had made her young again.

Yes!—had she forgotten?—it was when the roses were ablow,
Robin of his love had told her in that lovely "long ago;"
First, with hand a-tremble, stuck a white rose in her silken braid,
And with stolen kiss a blush rose of her fair, young cheek had made.

And the heart of Jenny smote her, for in those bright days long gone
She had fondly thought to toil for Robin should be joy, and joy alone.
Surely she had proved scarce worthy of that loyal heart of his,
If so soon love tired of service, tired of humble ministries.

Then once more the old-time lovelight brightened o'er the care-worn face,
As she hummed a love-song softly, while her needle flew apace;
For somehow that white rose in her hair had set her heart in tune
With the music and the sunshine of the sweet June afternoon.

HISTORY OF A PRETTY GIRL.

SHE was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eye had ever seen.
Her name was Annabel Christine,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her face was blushed with coraline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline.
She wore a dress of grenadine,
Looped o'er a skirt of brilliantine;
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with kid bottine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline;
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine;
She flirted with a gay marine,
Till they reached the republic Argentine,
Where they were married by a dean,
And lived on oleomargarine,
Also the mild tin-clad sardine,

And did disturb the Boston bean
When boiled and served in soup tureen.
Salt pork they ate, both fat and lean,
When garnished round with parsley green.
Likewise ye lobster coraline,
With lemon sliced its form to screen.
In short, they lived like king and queen,
In manhood's pride and beauty's sheen,
For 'bout them there was nothing mean.
His looks and language were serene,
He wore a coat of velveteen.
She kept her parlor neat and clean,
Her favorite color was aniline;
She rocked the cradle by machine
And named the baby Josephine.
Yet never was a brighter scene
Than when that girl, at sweet sixteen,
Entered the room with haughty mien.

BUT——

BELLE HUNT.

YES, the evening was very pleasant;
There was music, and wit, and wine,
And the shimmer of lamps and fire-light,
And ticklish o'er-stepping the line
Where the *comme il faut* and the *double*
Entendre run side by side,
And it takes the tread of a fairy
The middle straight line to glide.
We did it—very adroitly!
I enjoyed it all, it is true,
And was looking my best—so Jack said—
But——I missed you.

Jeanette played the "Stabat Mater,"
  Rossini's—and played it well;
And Jack sang "O cara mia!"
  And his eyes would seek me, and tell
That the song was all for my ears;
  The others saw it, I know—
And Jack is a dear, good fellow,
  And a most "available" beau—
But his eyes are so very Spanish—
  (You know I always liked blue);
The other women were envious,
  But——I missed you.

Then Jeanette played Mexican dances,
  And Jack sang opera bouffe;
And the doctor delivered a lecture
  On "The Se-earch of the So-oul for Tru-uth!"
I laughed till my sides were aching!
  (This part, dear, is *entre nous!*)
They were all so merry and charming,
  But——I missed you.

I know that we quarrel and fall out,
  And are awfully human and weak;
I know I'm a "goose of a woman"—
  And you—but of that we won't speak.
We are playing with two-edged swords,
  And cry when they cut our hands;
We are wasting the precious moments
  As an idle child sifts sands!
I think if I went up to heaven
  And lived in a cloud-house of blue
With the angels—I'd like it—a little—
  But——I'd miss you!

THE TELEPHONE AT HOME.

MONOLOGUE FOR A MAN.

Scene: A study. Left and right, two telephones fastened to the wall.
Character: JOHN DURANT.

AND so I am a subscriber. [*Consults printed list.*] It is really I. [*Reads.*] "John Durant, lawyer, 10 Walnut street." What a nice young man that agent of the United Telephone Company was! He came in and explained with wonderful clearness all the advantages of that marvelous invention. "This, sir, this toy, placed in your private apartment, at will puts you in permanent communication with all the progressive people in town. Just run your eye over this pamphlet; it is a list of our subscribers. Mr. So-and-so, Brown, Jones & Co., Union Bank, Lawyer Perry, Mrs. Such-a-one, Mr. Rowley, and so on. We have at least a thousand names."

"So," said I, "you only have to speak into this thing?"

"Yes, sir. You must call up the operator first, 'Hullo!' [*imitates call*] or you ring, ting-a-ling, ling, [*imitates ring*] for the central office, where all the lines of our various subscribers meet. Then you will be put in communication with the person to whom you wish to speak."

"Enough, sir, I understand; it is admirable! I shall never have to leave my room. I can order everything I want by telephone. I can talk to the entire town. I shall only have to ring up the opera to hear an act of the 'Huguenots' in my own room. I shall only have to shout 'hullo!' or ring the bell, and, presto! I can talk to a client who lives miles away. What an invention, sir! What an invention!" I told him all about the origin of this great discovery, though I've no doubt the poor young man knew

a great deal more about it than I do. Delighted with my eloquence and put at his ease by a cigar which I gave him, he added, with a smile:

"And your lady friends will find it very convenient!"

Rather impudent, but then how true! To think that you only have to ring a bell to find yourself talking to your beloved, and that she can talk to you and no one ever know it!

"Oh, sir," said I, squeezing his hand, "put me down as a subscriber!" And it is done, I am a subscriber!

A queer thing happened the very next day. Another agent for a telephone came to see me. He was a big, stupid-looking fellow, and wore spectacles.

"Sir," said he, "a telephone syndicate has just been established."

"Excuse me, sir; I have already subscribed."

"You're mistaken, sir; you subscribed to the United Telephone, a company whose office is just at the corner of the street."

"Do you mean to say——"

"Oh, no, sir, it is an excellent company, but they only have a thousand subscribers, as you can see by the list. Ours has fifteen hundred, and they are not the same. By taking our telephone, you will increase the number of people with whom you converse from 1,000 to 2,500."

At this revelation I hesitated no longer. Being a friend of progress, I at once saw that two telephones were better than one.

"Put my name upon your list," said I.

No sooner said than done; I am a subscriber. Now I have nothing left to wish for; I can talk to the entire town! I've tried the instruments; they work well. [*Looks at watch.*] Here it is 8 o'clock, and I need not say that I always buckle down to write every night from eight to ten on my great work on Chinese law, a work which will make its mark and rank as one of the classics of jurisprudence. No time to lose. I've only got to Chapter II., and the publisher was urging me, only yesterday, to send him the manuscript. [*Sits down.*] Let me see. [*Writes.*] "Marco Polo, who had all China at his fingers' ends——" [*Telephone*

rings.] Ah! some one calling me. So some one wants to speak to me! This is no time to—well, I must accustom myself to interruptions. Coming, coming! [*Talks to invisible person.*] What is it? [*Listens at telephone.*] My tailor wants me? [*Listens.*] Oh! what an idea; he has subscribed too! [*Listens.*] What did you say, Mr. Jones? [*Listens.*] You subscribed this very morning? Capital idea! [*Aside.*] What a bore! [*To tailor.*] And what can I do for you at this time of night? [*Listens.*] Your money? You use your telephone to ask for money! [*Listens.*] The end of the month? [*Listens.*] Your bills fall due? [*Listens.*] Your cutter must be paid? Did I hear you right? [*Aside.*] Impertinent fellow! [*To tailor.*] Very sorry, but I can't let you have a cent. [*Listens.*] Go to law with me [*listens*] within twenty-four hours? Summons me? [*Listens.*] Oh! So that's the way you take it! [*Listens.*] You're another. [*Listens.*] Go to the devil! [*Leaves telephone.*] Well, if that isn't the height of impudence—to ask me by telephone to send him $200 to-morrow! Tailor, begone! And when I meet him in the street, he bows to the ground. But now I see that this wonderful instrument has its unpleasant side. However, we're not all tailors. Luckily, the tailor is but a passing cloud.

[*Sits down again.*] Let me see. [*Writes.*] "Chapter Second. Marco Polo, who had all China at his fingers' ends——" [*Telephone rings; he starts up.*] Ah! that's the other system. I hope Jones has not subscribed to both! [*Consults list.*] No! [*Goes to telephone.*] A woman's voice! Oh, what music! One of my clients. [*Listens.*] Yes, Miss Green, it is really I, your lawyer; yes, ma'am. I recognize your voice. [*Aside.*] My client is very pretty, but she is inclined to monopolize my society. If she did not live so far away, she would visit me every day. [*Listens.*] What did you say? Excuse me, I was thinking of something. [*Listens.*] You're mistaken; I am quite alone. I am at work on my great book. [*Listens.*] I swear I am quite alone. [*Aside.*] And jealous, too! [*Listens.*] No, believe me, I was giving an order to my servant. [*Listens.*] You are very kind. [*Listens.*] I delay the case as much as I can. [*Listens.*] You

are so lovely, Victoria. When I don't see you, I am tempted to put the case right through and be done with it; but when I see you, I ask to have the hearing adjourned for another week. [*Listens.*] Oh, yes, it will soon be a year! [*Listens.*] I feel the same love, the same worship. [*Aside.*] I can say these things to her from a distance. She is charming, but after a whole year——. There is Miss Jenkins, very stylish and very reserved, who has rather cast her into the shade. [*Listens.*] Yes, yes, I am still here. [*Listens.*] Speak louder. [*Listens.*] Ah! [*Listens.*] You are severe. [*Listens.*] Your father just come in? [*Listens.*] You want me to speak to him? [*Aside.*] Oh! I hear him. Let me be dignified. [*Listens.*] Yes, sir, the case is on the docket and the information which Miss Green has just given me will enable me to bring it to an immediate close. [*Listens.*] We shall come off with flying colors. The case has lasted too long already, you say? [*Listens.*] Good-by, sir.

[*Sits down again.*] A delightful invention! But all this is not work; this will never suit my publisher. He is in a great hurry. Let me see. I hope I shall have a few moments' peace. Luckily, it's not always the tailor. That young man was right. It is a delightful invention when women are concerned. [*Writes.*] "Chapter Second. Marco Polo, who had all China at his fingers' ends—" [*Call from the other telephone.*] Oh, I say! Does the whole town want to talk to me to-night? [*Goes to telephone.*] I shall never finish chapter second. [*Listens.*] Is it you, Henry? [*Listens.*] My! where are you? [*Listens.*] I say, where are you? [*Listens.*] I don't suppose you are in your room at this hour. [*Listens.*] Oh, at the club! I didn't hear you before. [*Listens.*] Will I lend you $20? [*Aside.*] Just like him! [*Listens.*] But I haven't got it, my dear fellow. [*Aside.*] This is a little too much. [*Listens.*] You are ruined? Yes, that's just your usual luck. But how can I help it? [*Listens.*] Into the river? [*Listens.*] Drown yourself? [*Listens.*] Drown yourself for $20? Poor fellow Well, I will do what I can for you, but it's like shedding my heart's blood. [*Listens; aside.*] He breathes his thanks. Oh, men, men! [*Listens.*] You'll send one of the servants from the

club? [*Listens.*] What's a pity? That I can't send you the money by telephone?

[*Sits down.*] That's too much. Decidedly this delightful invention has its drawbacks. I will not answer it again. [*Writes.*] "Marco Polo, who had all China——" [*Repeated ringing*] Again! The other one now! I'm not at home! I won't answer! It's no use. [*More calls.*] But suppose it should be some agreeable person? This once; but I swear it is the last time I will yield. [*Goes to telephone.*] Miss Jenkins! [*Listens.*] I am here, dear Isabella. [*Listens.*] You want me to call for you at once? [*Aside.*] The dickens! [*Listens.*] To go to the theatre? It's rather late! [*Aside.*] Oh! she's as jealous as a tigress! [*Listens.*] You want to make sure I am thinking of you? But you may be sure. [*Aside.*] She insists; it's a regular nuisance. [*Listens.*] If we speak through the telephone every half hour, how near we shall seem to one another! [*Aside.*] What shall I do? Finish the great work which is to make me famous — eh? [*Listens.*] But I love only you. [*Ring at other telephone.*] The other now! [*Runs from one instrument to the other. Listens to No.* 2.] Miss Green! [*Listens.*] To be sure! I have not gone out! [*Runs to No.* 1 *and listens.*] That's nothing; it was the postman. [*Listens.*] Why, yes, there is one more delivery. [*Goes to No.* 2.] It was a messenger from Philadelphia. [*Listens.*] I have a very important case on hand in Philadelphia. [*Listens.*] You heard a woman's voice? You are mistaken, love. [*To No.* 1.] Excuse me, it was the postman—the messenger from Chicago. I have a very important case on hand in Chicago. [*Listens.*] What? I said so before? [*To No.* 2.] You hear me talking to a woman? [*Listens.*] What a mistake! Adorable Victoria, excuse me; I hear a client outside; I can never love anyone but you! [*Aside.*] I must put an end to this. [*To No.* 2.] Charming Miss Jenkins, dearest Isabella, you are the only woman I ever loved. I adore you; but excuse me for a few moments. I have a client. [*Listens.*] What! I am impertinent? [*Listens.*] What? Go to your Victoria? [*To No.* 1.] What? Go to your Isabella? [*Listens.*] Insolent fellow? Oh! here's a pretty mess! [*To No.* 2, *listens.*]

I will never see you again? [*To No.* 1.] Nor I? [*Goes to table.*] What can all this mean? Here's a row! To quarrel with two women at once, and by telephone, too! Deuce take the inventor and his invention! What can be the matter! Oh! the list of subscribers! There is a preface. [*Reads.*] "The company warns subscribers that this telephone is the most sensitive instrument in the world." [*Aside.*] I see it is. "In cases of double or treble subscriptions to different companies, the subscriber must beware of talking too loud into the telephone, unless he wishes his words to be heard through the other instruments." Why, then, this machine is nothing but a spy! I won't have it! What trouble I shall have to patch this all up to-morrow! Never mind, I won't think any more about it till then.

To work! "Chapter Second. Marco Polo, who had all China at his fingers' ends——" [*Faint sound of orchestra playing "William Tell." He mechanically beats time and hums.*] What am I about? [*Angrily.*] Confound that instrument! [*Seizes list and reads.*] "The United Telephone Company provide their subscribers with half an hour of the opera every evening, gratis." So I must listen to this half an hour. [*Other telephone begins to play air from "Pinafore."*] The other one now. [*Takes up other list.*] "This company gives its subscribers an hour of comic opera every evening, gratis." Oh! What a horrid discord! Will you keep still? [*Knock at door.*] Who's there?

[*Voice outside.*] "The servant from the club for the $20."

Tell him to leave at once!

[*Voice.*] "But you promised it."

I've gone out of town! I never promised anybody anything.

[*Voice.*] "By telephone."

Oh, my telephone is a self-talking one! [*To audience.*] And to think that these things may be put into every house, like water and gas, on every floor! Splendid, but inconvenient! [*Ring at telephone.*] Never! Never! [*Walks up and down in great agitation.*] Never! Never! To-morrow I withdraw my subscription! [*Takes hat and goes out waving arms.*]

MY CHILLUN'S PICTYAH.

An Episode of Amateur Photography.

ANNE V. CULBERTSON.

HI, chillun! What on earf dis mean dat yo' doan' ansah me?
Dem's de beatenes' lot o' chillun dat evah I did see!
I gin'ly has ter hunt fo' dem an' kotch dem on de fly,
Fo' do I sez de word myse'f, my chillun's monst'ous sly.

Dar's Nancy, now, a-hidin' 'hind dat woodpile, like a fool,
An' heah comes Araminty Zoe a-kitin' back from school;
An' Zip done say dat he a-gwine a-huntin' cotton-tails—
Law! Dar's dat boy now, sho's yo' bawn, a-roostin' top dem rails!

Come down heah 'meejit, chillun, whar dese willer bushes grow,
An' stan' yo'se'fs tegedder in a nice an' eben row.
Heah's man frum town dat wahns ter tek a pictyah ob yo' all,
An' say he gib me one ter keep widout no cos' a' tall.

Now, doan' yo' stop ter wash yo' han's, or fix in Sunday clo's;
Man say he wahn yo' come des' so, 'n' I reckon dat he knows.
Heah, Zip, yo' stan' between de gals, an' stop dat pinchin' trick,
An' ef yo' doan' stop gigglin' so, I'll fotch yo' all a lick!

Heah, Nancy, put dem han's o' yo'n tegedder—jine 'em so,
An' try an' look mo' sensible, like Araminty Zoe!
Yo' 'spose I wahn a pictyah fo' ter keep fru all my days,
Wid chillun grinnin' out dey moufs in sich a foolish ways?

Now look des' whar man tell yo' ter; an' Zip, tuhn out dem toes.
What, tuk a'ready? Dat's quick as evah lightnin' goes!
I's mighty 'bliged, an' ohny wish dat hit mought so 'a' bin
Yo' hadn' tuk deir pictyah wid dat mos' owdashus grin.

But, ahter all, why, mebbe hit might be des' full as well,
Kase when dey's growed, an' full ob cares, an' I might wahn ter tell
Des' how my leetle, happy, careless chillun use' ter look,
I'll go reach down de pictyah dat yo' hab so kindly tuk.

—*Outing.*

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

REV. W. W. MARSH.

FAIR lies the day on Gilead (my father's land and mine),
From the soft vale of Ajalon to Ela's woods of pine;
And all the land it shines upon is fair to eyes which see
The slow sun slanting westward, to rise no more for me,
Or flush with morning in its shine,
These sunny slopes of fig and vine.

In these last lonely midnights I have seen the stars grow dim,
And hailed the purple morning beyond the desert's rim—
Have seen the heats of noonday (so near they loomed to me!)
Quiver on Moab's sullen hills, beside her silent sea,
And watched with prayer the sun go down
O'er Gerizim and Ebal's crown.

How dear, how dear these things have grown in these lone months of days,
As now I gaze on Mizpah down through this golden haze!
Not he who gazed from Nebo across sweet Jordan's wave
To read the blest land of promise that great Jehovah gave,
With such strange tenderness could know
The vales and vineyards bright below!

And I must go ere the sunset, to die! O Lord, to die!
And all glad things so full of life under Thy wide, calm sky!
Alive I stand; and, O how sweet is this warm life to-day,
Which leaps and thrills at every touch, and yet must ebb away!
I live and love only to pass,
Like lilies, trodden in the grass.

Along these terraced hillsides rank grow the swells of vine,
And through the dancing vine leaves their purple clusters shine;
And the vintage song of maidens comes upward to my ear,
As the treaders of the wine-press chant with a careless cheer;
And every vale and peaceful slope
Is lapped in peace and hushed in hope.

All this—with countless sweet, glad things—must cease with day to be!
But not in these is sorest loss of this young life to me.
I see the home where mother mourns from Mizpah where I stand;
And he—my land's deliverer—stands crushed amid his band,
With hollow eyes and white lips dumb,
To watch the way o'er which I come.

Ah, how unlike that morning! (my blood is tingling yet,
E'en with my doom upon me) the host in ranks was set;
The trumpets blew their maddening blast, the cymbals clashed, and strong
With spear and plumes the thousands passed, as billows sweep along;
And he, my sire, with kingly eye,
Stood, helmed, to see the host pass by.

And I—I am Jephtha's daughter! sole seed of his proud race,
To bear, through peace and slaughter, his blood in form and face;
And my heart beat high that morning, to think that blood of mine
In veins of unborn princes, too, should glow, like Heshbon's wine;
Or lover from my arms should go,
War-harnessed, to sweep down our foe.

And the thrill of that hot noontide—I feel its triumph still—
When the flushed, dusty messenger came panting o'er the hill:
"Ho! victory for Israel! The chaff of Ammon's hordes
Is swept from Arnon's river to Jabbok's flashing fords;
From Aroer to Minnith's crown
A score of cities have gone down!"

O God! that such a blackness should fall on that bright day,
As timbrels rung and maidens danced round thy returning way;
My father, I saw thee falter amid thy thousands then,
And the pride of thy smiling vanished, thou kingliest of men,
As, smitten through thy mail, thou stoodst
In that dim hollow in the wood.

But I—I am Jephtha's daughter; to die has joys for me,
Since through our foe's discomfiture my home and land are free;
And so in the coming harvests, and in the vintage days,
When all the land lies safe and still, wrapped in its mellow haze,
Sweet tongues shall name my name who died
Ere blight had touched my maiden pride.

Ay, this is gladness, too! for me no frost of age shall fall;
No full, ripe joy of these rich years shall pass beyond recall;
No bloom of cheek, or red of lip, or sunny light of eye,
No rounded limb or springing step shall leave me ere I die;
But, fresh and fair, I pass to God
By paths no mean soul ever trod.

And in that dread hour of reck'ning to which all souls shall come,
Mayhap this hour may plead for me, where I am standing dumb:
Ah! that vow my father uttered is closing on me slow,
And so from this dear vision with steady steps I go—
To die! To die! O, life is sweet!
Be still, my heart, thine hour to meet!

HER NAME WAS SMITH.

HE boarded the train at Rochester, and came to the only vacant seat in the car, beside a young lady.

"This seat taken, ma'am ?"

"No."

"Wal, then I guess I'll set down."

Two minutes' silence.

"Have some peanuts, ma'am ?"

"No, I thank you."

"Jiminy, don't you like peanuts ? Just like my wife. My great holt is peanuts and bananers. P'r'aps you'd like a bananer, ma'am ?"

"No, nothing, thank you."

"Live up to Buffalo, ma'am ?'

"Yes."

"P'r'aps you know my friend, Cap'n Jack Sloan—lives down in Elk street."

"No, I don't know where Elk street is."

"And you live in Buffalo ? Why, I've sold butter in Elk Street Market nigh onto twenty years. My name's Johnson. Your name ain't Jones, is it ?"

"No."

"'Tain't Williams, or anything o' that kind ?"

"No."

"That's what I thought. I don't s'pose now it's Brown or any o' them colors ?"

"No."

"Been far ?"

"Not far."

"Syracuse, mebbe ; or Albany, eh ?"

"No."

"No? Hain't been to New York?"

"Yes."

"Jiminy, I've never been there, though I saw a pretty slick feller from there once. Them New Yorks is regular goers, ain't they? Any relations there?"

"Few."

"Gosh! wonder if they know my cousin Jake. He's gettin' ten dollars a week jest to walk round in a store and look slick. Your folks ever speak o' Jake?"

"No."

"Jake and me bought some land out West last year. Ever buy any?"

"No."

"Don't. Jake and me lost five hundred dollars. It was way at the bottom o' a river. Ever been West?"

"Chicago."

"Jee, you hev traveled, ain't you? Father and mother livin'?"

"Father."

"Live in Buffalo?"

"No."

"Our folks all live together down to Rochester. My father and mother have been dead long time. My wife's mother lives with us. Her name's Martin. That ain't your name, eh?"

"No."

"I was jest thinkin' you looked like a man I know in Buffalo named Waters. He ain't your brother?"

"No."

"We must be a-comin' pretty near Buffalo. That there lot o' tracks looks like it. You don't happen to live on Main street?"

"No."

"Then your name ain't Robinson?"

"No."

"You must have a curious kind o' name. Sure it ain't Sanders?"

"Sure."

"Wal, here we be; can I help you gittin' off?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, is there a door-plate on your house?"

"Yes."

"Name on it?"

"Yes."

"P'r'aps you wouldn't mind tellin' what the name on the plate is?"

"Smith!"

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

JAMES CHALLEN.

AH, yes! I do remember, 'twas just ten years last June,
The fifteenth of the month, my dear, third quarter of the moon,
When Tommy left for Oregon, or somewhere in the West;
The smartest of my boys he was, but what a little pest!
So fond of mischief and of fun, he couldn't keep it down,
The pride he was of all the lads and lasses of the town.

At shinny or at marbles, at racing or at play,
At husking or at romping, he always won the day.
They miss him, and I miss him—will Tommy ne'er come back?
I fear that in those prairies my boy has lost his track.
I wish I hadn't spoken so—I always was too quick;
It wasn't Tom who did the thing; I might have known 'twas Dick.

But, then, he might have stayed with me, as I was growing old;
I know I'm rather peevish-like, but never was a scold.
Ten years, and not a word from Tom! I rather fear he's dead,
But then he was as queer a child as ever parent bred—
Peggy, just go and see who's that a-knocking at the door;
See how the snow is drifting through that crevice on the floor!

Here, stranger, put your cane aside, draw near and take this seat;
Don't mind the snow upon your hat, come warm your frozen feet.
Why, Tommy, as I live! And is it? Yes, it is my son!
You ask me how I knew you? Well, that's not so easily done.
Where's all the folks, I wonder? Why, mother, is that you?
And this is Bill, and that is Joe, and this is little Sue—

And you are Tom, my long-lost boy, my darling son, my own!
But what a great big boy he is, how large the fellow's grown!
Now spread the table, clean the hearth; the turkey, put it on;
Be quick, now, girls, and warm tne pies, and to the pantry run,
And let the angry tempests roar, and let the snow-wreaths drift,
Since I have got my boy again, my precious New Year's gift!

ENJ'YIN' POOR HEALTH.

GEORGE HORTON.

D'YOU remember Hiram Cawkin—
Lived in York State years ago?
Whut a way he had o' talkin'—
How his voice was choked with woe?
Allus on the p'int o' dyin',
Allus groanin', gruntin', sighin';
Ask 'im, "Hiram, how's she goin'?"
He'd a kinder knit his brow,
And would answer, lookin' knowin':
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."

Wa'n't 'e long an' thin an' skinny!
(No one ever called 'im "tall"—
Allus "long") an' so blame' thin 'e
Didn't hev no flesh at all!

Seemed of all ambition lackin'
'Cept to keep 'is jints a-crackin'
An' to tell the folks 'at met 'im—
Made no diffrunce when er how,
So they paused enough to let 'im:
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."

Nineteen year or twenty, is it,
Sence you last was back in Wayne?
Year ago I made a visit,
But I'll never go again.
Findin' all my friends departed
Makes me feel too heavy-hearted.
Only one man left 'at knew me—
Hiram Cawkin; an' I swow,
'T sounded good when he sez to me:
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."

Must be ninety, 'f he's two hours
Old. Y' know when we was young—
Lived on misery. All 'is powers
Round affliction twined an' clung.
Queer ol' feller! Allus groanin',
Gruntin', whinin', sighin', moanin'.
Soon to glory he'll be strayin';
'N' I can fancy 'im, I vow,
Button-holin' saints, an' sayin':
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now!"

TAKING THE VEIL.

TOM MASSON.

ONE evening as they sat beneath the moon's soft rays so pale,
Moved by an impulse born of love, he kissed her through her veil.
Next evening, as before, they sat beneath the star-flecked dome;
Yet not exactly as before—she'd left her veil at home.

TWO GIRLS OF 1812.

ALL was still along Point Cedar, for the farming must be done,
And the guards and lighthouse-keeper to the harvest field had gone.
But within the lonely lighthouse, in the kitchen low and wide,
Plied the busy wife her needle, with her daughters by her side.

"Come, Rebecca," said the mother, "put the kettle on for tea;"
And the girl obeyed, then lingered to look out upon the sea.
There she spied a British vessel letting down her boats and men;
Well she knew their crafty purpose, and she called her sister then:

"Do you see that vessel, sister? 'tis the old La Hogue again;
She that in the early spring-time burned our ships and stole our grain.
Now our ships with flour are laden that we can't afford to lose;
Get the drum and fife, my sister, there's no other way to choose.

"You shall beat the roll-call loudly, I upon the fife will play,
And we'll scare the British cowards from our ships and shore away."
Down the Point, behind the cedars, sped the girls with flying feet,
While the foeman's boats came onward toward the unprotected fleet.

Soon the sailors ceased from rowing, leaned upon their oars to hear,
As the sound of fife and drum-beat fell distinctly on the ear.
Out to where La Hogue lay anchored floated plain the warlike notes,
And she ran a flag up quickly to recall her men and boats.

Backward sailed the British raiders from the well-defended shore,
Never pausing till they clambered safely to the deck once more;
Safe from two fun-loving maidens full of hearty, wholesome life;
Safe from Abigail the drummer, and Rebecca's harmless fife!

DEAD LOVE.

HER love, she said, in coldest tones, was dead;
  Her face seemed like a statue carved in stone.
She took with trembling fingers from her hand
  The ring I gave, and laid it in my own.
I might have spoken many bitter words,
  For bitter thoughts were struggling in my heart,
But, forcing back the angry flood, I said:
  "If it be so, 'tis better that we part."

She gave me back my letters, and unclasped
  From off her slender wrist the band of gold.
And when her touch met mine, it seemed to freeze
  The blood within my veins—it was so cold.
And few and cold the parting words we spoke,
  So different from the lingering farewells,
The sweet good-by, in which I seemed to hear
  A distant music, as of marriage bells.

Long years have passed—since then twin roses blush
  Beside the fragrant garden's gravelled walk.
The cream-white lily, with her heart aflame,
  Bends low upon her slender, tapering stalk;
And still I keep the trinkets and the gems,
  As one might keep some relic of the dead
Shut close within a casket from all eyes,
  The hidden souvenirs of moments fled.

I sometimes lift the lid and look within,
  And sometimes read my letters o'er again,
Seeming like one who has a pleasant dream,
  And, waking, feels a dull, vague sense of pain.

Such dreams as linger on the edge of night
  And vanish with the morning's earliest beam,
When, raising heavy eyelids to the light,
  We grieve to find it only was a dream.

Yet though our love is dead, like some poor flower
  Which nevermore by garden paths may blow,
I sometimes wonder if, in other worlds,
  Dead love a resurrection may not know—
For often when alone, in silent mood,
  And from the careless crowd I sit apart,
Its ghost will come with sad and pallid face
  To haunt the vacant chambers of my heart.

PASSED OFF THE STAGE.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THEY say that I've "passed off the stage." Ah! well, it may be true;
I'm not as strong as when I stood six feet at thirty-two.
I know I'm getting bent and old, my hair is silver-gray;
But, oh! it's hard to hear it said, "The old man's had his day."

It was not very long ago—it scarcely seems a year—
When I was strong as a yearling colt and fleeter than a deer;
My arms were like the sinewy roots that thrust out from the oak,
And I was straight as the towering pine that tempts the woodman's stroke.

There wasn't one in all the town (how sad the contrast now!)
Could mow a steadier stroke than I, or drive a straighter plough,
And even when my hair turned gray no whit my strength declined;
I used to race the boys afield and leave them all behind.

But now they bring the cushioned chair and set it in the sun,
And fetch me out my pipe and pouch as soon as breakfast's done,
And bid me sit an hour or two—the day'll be long and hot;
And then they go and leave me there, unheeded and forgot.

Sometimes I take my staff and creep along the orchard wall,
But, weary, sit me down to rest where grateful shadows fall.
Far off the meadows swim with heat; fresh smells the new-mown hay;
But I can go no more afield, for I have "had my day."

O God! it is a weary thing to live an outworn life,
To have no further lot or part in manly toil and strife;
To know that all one's active days have passed forever by,
And all that now remains to do is just to rest and—die.

I don't know why I dread it so—this "passing off the stage."
Some folks think life is mighty hard, and long for smooth old age;
But I had rather strive and toil till all my bones are sore,
Than to be sitting useless here before the farmhouse door.

Ah, well! it's little use to cry because the milk is spilt;
It's little use to swing the sword with naught left but the hilt.
I've done my duty while I could, and now, if needs must be,
What I have done for others' sake, let others do for me.

It is the rule of life, I know—an honest turn about;
We help our babies into life, and then—they help us out.
Their turn must come, too, soon enough; like rolling wave on wave,
The generations pour their tide into the common grave.

One day a babe, the next a man, the next—unnamed, unknown,
Save for a moss-encrusted line upon a mouldering stone.
Our lives are swifter than a tale upon a fluttering page;
We have just time to learn the play, and then—pass off the stage.

A PHENOMENAL BABY.

"OH, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door, "I've something to tell you."

"No!" said George; "what is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" says mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?"

George says it is, and tries to think so, too.

"Now say 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, boo, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can just say everything. Now, you precious little honey bunny boy, say 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say everything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, de, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright! These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

A FLAT STORY.

"AND what room is this?" asked Mrs. Chrysler.

"That, mum," said the landlord, "you can use for a guest room or a servant gal's room."

"But it's so small! Why didn't you make it the bath-room?"

"It's *too* small, mum, fur that. You see, folks mostly curls up when they goes to bed, and don't take up much room. You've seen them curlin'-up-in beds, ain't you?"

"Those what?"

"Curlin'-up-in beds. They's made jest for flats; shorter'n ordinary beds, and if you get a servant gal that curls up, mum, they're mighty handy in a room like this."

"I should think they might be," said Mrs. Chrysler. "I'll talk with my husband, and he'll let you know in a day or two if he wishes to take the flat. Good morning."

The Chryslers took the flat, and a month later their boarding-house life seemed like a bad dream.

"I think, John," said Mrs. Chrysler one morning over the coffee, "that I'll have to have a maid, after all."

"I told you you'd tire of doing your own housework," said her husband, smiling.

"No, John, dear, it isn't that. But you're gone all day long. I've not a soul to scold, and if I had a maid——"

"Well, we'll have one; but where's she to be put?"

"Why, there's the girl's room."

"What, that hat closet?"

"Yes. You'd better step in and order a bedstead for it this morning."

"What shall I order? A baby grand or an upright? The room is only 5 feet 6 inches square."

"Well, you order the bedstead and I'll go down to Mr. Small's and see about the girl."

The salesman stared when young Mr. Chrysler asked to be shown some five-foot bedsteads, and said : "A crib, I suppose, sir?"

"No, no, an every-day bedstead—for a flat, you know. Our landlord said that we could get a curled-up bedstead, or something of that kind."

"Do you mean a curled maple one, sir?"

"No, no; but, you see, some people curl up when they're asleep, and it's a great waste of wood and springs and mattress to give 'em a bed six or seven feet long when one of five will do as well."

"I see," said the salesman. He showed several children's bedsteads, and Mr. Chrysler finally chose one. It was just the thing, and left a free floor space nearly two feet wide.

"Mr. Small told me he'd send me a girl in the morning," said Mrs. Chrysler, when the bed had been put in place.

"Did you tell him to send a small girl?" asked her husband.

"No ; I told him I wanted a girl for light housework."

"Well, it's usually the heavy people, you know, that want to do light work."

Mr. Chrysler was right. The servant who came next morning to see about the place was full five feet eight, and broad in proportion. Having satisfied herself of the girl's ability, Mrs. Chrysler asked : "Do you curl up in bed?"

"Do Oi phwat?" asked the surprised maid.

"When you go to bed do you lie stretched straight out, or do you curl up?"

"Faith, an' not wan o' me knows. It's that tired Oi am when Oi get to bed it's not a bit Oi know whether Oi'm dead or aloive."

"Well, I'll show you the room, and then you will understand. There; now, you see, the bed is a little short, but if you would take pains to scrouch, I think you might make it do. If you don't curl up, you might lie slantwise, see? with your head in that corner and your feet in this; only I'm afraid your feet would stick out. Still, we can put a chair in, and your feet can rest on that."

The girl shook her head doubtfully. "Oi don't know, ma'am. Oi moight throy it. Oi've nivver laid awake to tell phwat way Oi was shlapin'."

The very first dinner that Judy cooked delighted the Chryslers, but early in the morning Mrs. Chrysler heard a knock.

"Who's there?"

"Me, ma'am; Judy. Oi'm goin', ma'am."

"Going?"

"Yis. Yez moight as well put me in a thrunk, at once, as in that bed. If Oi was cut in two 'twouldn't be too long, so 'twouldn't. Me feet's so batthered furninst the boords that me shoes is hurtin' me awful, an' it's not me that will be curlin' mesilf with me head at me knees—not for $3 a week, nor $30."

In the course of a fortnight six more servants came, but none of them would remain two nights in the flat. Mrs. Chrysler despaired of getting a servant, but she went to Mr. Small once more.

"I don't know," said he. "I'm about out o' good girls. You've had the pick of 'em. I've only got one here, and I don't know's you'd want her: she's lame."

"Lame?"

"Yes. She's a mighty good cook, they say, but she ain't very lively. She's refused lots o' places 'cause she can't trot up an down stairs."

"Well, I don't mind her being lame a bit, and we've a flat, you know, and perhaps it would be just the place she'd like."

That same day the girl mounted to the flat. She was, indeed, quite lame, and depended greatly on a cane as she wobbled, rather than walked in.

"You can cook and do chamber work?"

"Oh, yes, ven I don'd haf to go up and down by de shtairs."

"Well, you won't have to here, except when you go out. The only trouble is about the girl's bedroom. The bed's so short that a girl has to curl up, and they don't like it."

"Vell, yust let me see de bet."

Mrs. Chrysler took her to the tiny chamber.

"H'm, I tink dat vill do," said the girl. "I yust as soon curl oop; es macht mir nich

The morning after Johanna's arrival Mrs. Chrysler expected

every moment to hear that she was going to quit. But she hobbled about her work, humming an old German love song, and in the afternoon her trunk came.

"I do believe she's going to stay," said Mrs. Chrysler to her husband at dinner.

"I hope so," said he. "This steak is done to a turn. She makes me a little nervous, though. Every time I look at her I'm afraid she's going to fall over, but she doesn't."

"And isn't it funny? You'd think that if anybody found fault with that bed it would be Johanna; but I ventured to ask her today how she liked it, and she said it was just right."

"I guess she doesn't thrash around as the other girls did. Sleeps sounder, perhaps."

"She sleeps sound enough; she didn't get up this morning until almost seven. I was just on the point of calling her."

After Johanna had been in the house a week or so the Chryslers gave a little party. Johanna was up late, and when Mrs. Chrysler woke after seven o'clock in the morning she heard nothing of Johanna. She rapped on Johanna's door, but there was no answer. She rapped louder. Still there was no response. She opened the door and stepped in. As her eyes fell on the floor by the bed she gave a start, half smothering an exclamation as she did so. Then she tiptoed back into the hall, shut the door and thundered on the panels. In two or three minutes she heard a half-yawned "Ya-a-a-as, ma'am!" and went back to her room.

"I know now," said she to her husband, "why Johanna is satisfied with that bed."

"How's that?"

"Why, I stepped into her room to wake her just now, and there were a couple of cork legs lying on the floor."

Man wants but little here below,
  He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart!—
  Wants everything she sees.

PAPA AND THE BOY.

J. L. HARBOUR.

CHARMING as is the merry prattle of innocent childhood, it is not particularly agreeable at about one o'clock in the morning, when you are "dead for sleep," and wouldn't give a copper to hear even Gladstone himself talk. There are young and talkative children, who have no more regard for your feelings or for the proprieties of life than to open their peepers with a snap at one or two A. M., and seek to engage you in enlivening dialogues of this sort:

"Papa!"

You think you will pay no heed to the imperative little voice, hoping that silence on your part will keep the youngster quiet; but again the boy of three pipes out sharply:

"Papa!"

"Well?" you say.

"You 'wake, papa?"

"Yes."

"So's me."

"Yes, I hear that you are," you say with cold sarcasm. "What do you want?"

"Oh, nuffin'."

"Well, lie still and go to sleep, then."

"I isn't s'eepy, papa."

"Well, I am, young man."

"Is you? I isn't—not a bit. Say, papa, papa!"

"Well?"

"If you was wich what would you buy me?"

"I don't know; go to sleep!"

"Wouldn't you buy me nuffin'?"

"I guess so; now, you——"

"What, papa?"

"Well, a steam-engine, maybe; now, you go right to sleep."

"With a bell that would wing, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now, you——"

"And would the wheels go wound, papa?"

"Oh, yes (yawning). Shut your eyes now and——"

"And would it go choo, choo, choo, papa?"

"Yes, yes; now go to sleep."

"Say, papa!"

No answer.

"Papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"Is you 'f'aid of the dark?"

"No" (drowsily).

"I isn't, either. Papa!"

"Well?"

"If I was wich, I'd buy you somefin'."

"Would you?"

"Yes; I'd buy you some ice-cream and some choclum dwops, and a toof-bwush, and panties wiv bwaid on like mine, and a candy wooster, and——"

"That will do. You must go to sleep now."

Silence for half a second, then——

"Papa, papa!"

"Well, what now?"

"I want a jink."

"No, you don't."

"I do, papa."

Experience has taught you that there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink," and you scurry out to the bath-room in the dark for it, knocking your shins against everything in the room as you go.

"Now, I don't want to hear another word from you to-night," you say, as he gulps down a mouthful of the water he didn't want. Two minutes later he says:

"Papa!"

"See here, laddie, papa will have to punish you if——"

"I can spell dog, papa."

"Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at two o'clock in the morning."

"B-o-g—dog; is that right?"

"No, it isn't; but nobody cares if——"

"Then it's d-o-g, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes; now, you lie right down and go to sleep instantly."

"Then I'll be a good boy, won't I, papa?"

"Yes; you'll be the best boy on earth. Good-night, dearie."

"Papa!"

"Well, well; what now?"

"Is I your little boy?"

"Yes, yes; of course."

"Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leben, twenty-six, ninety-two, free hundred little boys?"

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so paralyzes you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which you hear a yawn or two in the little bed by your side, a little figure rolls over three or four times, a pair of heels fly into the air once or twice, a warm, moist little hand reaches out and touches your face to make sure that you are there, and the boy is asleep, with his heels where his head ought to be.

HIS OATH.

His arms with strong and firm embrace her dainty form infold;
And she had blushed her sweet consent when he his story told.
"And do you swear to keep your troth?" she asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face, "Yes, by yon elm I swear."
A year passed by; his love grew cold; of his heart she'd lost the helm.
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this, the tree was slippery elm.

WHAT THE LORD HAD DONE FOR HIM.

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

'TWAS a testimony meeting, in the old church on the hill,
And folks had come from near and far—as far as Mantney's Mill.
The minister had done his part, with sermon, praise and prayer;
The choir had hymned in usual way above the pulpit stair.

Some five or six had spoken, too, about God's help in need;
According to their statements, they had been black sheep, indeed.
Then Elder Parker followed with words of heartfelt joy,
And Deacon Saunders told about his eldest wand'ring boy.

At last rose good 'Squire Mantney, who'd come from Mantney's Mill
To worship with his brethren in the old church on the hill.
His eyes were on the preacher's face, his tones were loud and clear;
He said: "Dear friends, I'm known quite well by all assembled here.

"You only know me as the 'Squire, but in Rhode Island State
There is a little village where I've been forgot of late.
There *'Squire* Mantney is unknown—*Si* Mantney's thought of yet;
Si Mantney, with his fences down, and head and ears in debt.

"I then was young and shiftless, too; had married Tribby Lane,
As good a girl as you would find from here clear up to Maine.
Two children came to fill our nest—first Flo, then little Crete;
But all went wrong I undertook, we scarce had 'nuff to eat.

"My house was mortgaged to the roof, and Tribby prayed each night
That we might keep our shelter there; her face was wan and white.
I was an idle fellow then, not working when I could,
And half the time we folks were out of clothes, and coal, and wood.

"But Tribby went to meeting still, and prayed on just the same;
She loved me, worthless as I was, a heap too much to blame.
She begged me so to go to church, I went with her one day;
We sat back in the backmost pew, for neither one looked gay.

"My coat was frayed and gray with age, my hat and shoes were torn,
And Tribby's bonnet had been new upon our wedding morn.
Poor, loving soul! I see her yet, with tearful, hopeful face,
A-settin' by me, weak and worn, all lost her girlish grace.

"The sermon I have not forgot; 'twas all about the man
Who is a robber if he don't for own kin work and plan.
It showed me just 'bout where I stood, and I went home that night,
Resolved to make my just amends, and try to do the right.

"I went to work that very week, and labored with a will,
And that is why I am to-day the 'Squire of Mantney's Mill.
I've flourished like a bay-tree since, as everybody knows,
And Tribby and the children soon forgot their early woes.

"The Lord has done a deal for me that I can not forget;
I've thanked Him scores and scores of times, but owe Him something yet.
I'll praise Him always while I live, and bless Him till I die,
And then go up to live with Him in heaven, our home on high!"

The 'Squire sat down 'mid shouting and hallelujahs, too;
A loud "Amen" came feelingly from Elder Parker's pew;
And Deacon Saunders cried: "Let's sing 'Old Hundred!' Make it go!"
And every one joined in, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!"

BILLY SNIP went to skate, when the ice being loose,
He fell in; but was saved by good luck.
Cried the tailor, "I'll never more leave my hot goose
To receive in return a cold duck."

THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

FRANK S. PIXLEY.

COME, draw your arm-chair closer, wife, there's somethin' I've got to say,
But somehow it sort o' chokes me, for to-morrow's Thanksgivin' Day;
And when I think of Thanksgivin's we had in bygone years,
And then think of to-morrow, I am mighty close to tears.
To-day is our last on the farm here—to-morrow the mortgage is due;
It'll be foreclosed, and Thanksgivin' night will leave no home for you.
"It's darkest just before daylight," they say; I hope it's so,
For 'twill be the darkest day of our lives when you and I must go.
At last I've received our sentence; I haven't read it yet,
But it's here in this yellow envelope—the largest he could get;
And here in the corner is printed the banker's name, you see,
So there's no mistake about it, for the letter's addressed to me.
I've always done the best I could and worked hard day by day,
But somehow everything I've done has never seemed to pay.
Last year the crops were ruined and my span of horses died,
And this year after harvest, when the wheat was all inside
The barn, a stroke of lightnin' came and burned it to the ground.
When the insurance men at last came sort o' creepin' round,
They were most amazin' sorry and were very much annoyed
To find, because they'd signed it wrong, the policy was void.
But through it all I pegged along in just the same old way,
And I've never given up hopin' that Jim would come back some day;

For Jim was one of the likeliest boys in all the country round,
Till he took a notion to leave the farm, and run away to town.
'Squire Brisket says a year ago he heard some fellows tell
That Jim was still in the city and was doin' purty well.
But he's never come back; if 'twasn't for you, helpmeet and counsellor,
I'd hardly know to-morrow what I should be thankful for.
When I see the less deservin' climbin' higher every day,
While we go down, there's somethin' here will scarcely let me pray;
But life's a see-saw game at best—one's up, another's down—
To-morrow's luck will change again and fortune cease to frown.
Besides, I've got a pair o' hands still strong enough for two;
The past is gone; together, wife, we'll start in life anew.
To-morrow we'll have Thanksgivin', for why should we be glum,
Considerin' all the happy days for both of us to come?
Now, then, we'll read the letter; face the worst it has to say,
So's to have the trouble over with before Thanksgivin' Day.
And next day after Thanksgivin' we'll both prepare—why, see!
They've made a big mistake and sent the mortgage back to me,
Instead of a notice to pay it. And here's a note signed—"Jim!"
It says the mortgage is settled and to save a place for him
At the table to-morrow—Thanksgivin'—for he's comin' home to stay.
Kneel with me! The sun's a-shinin'! Thanksgivin' begins to-day!

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON WASHINGTON.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON was the father of his country; one day he went to his fathers yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father i am trying to tell a lie and cannot. When he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named getto, who was jellish of him and the no. 9 engine house was draped in black."

THE GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

CLARA M. HOWARD.

AWAY back in the twenties, sum seventy-odd year ago,
'Fore railroads were invented, an' everything went slow,
Stage-coaches were the fashion; an' we hed our good ox-team
To haul the stuff to market thet now is pulled by steam.

Among the crowd of teamsters thet gethered at the bar
Of the stanch old Halfway Tavern, kept by good old 'Zekiel Parr,
Was one, a sturdy feller, who often kem thet way
On his way tew Noo York City with loads of grain an' hay.

His hair was brown an' wavy, his eyes an honest blue;
His smile was like a woman's, an' his natur' brave an' true.
"What's the noos about the kentry? 'tis six months or more since we
Last gethered here together, in this pleasant hostelry!"

Then poured out a flood of gossip, jest an' story went the rounds,
Till the smoky oaken rafters echoed back the merry sounds.
All at once a silent youngster, who'd bin sittin' like a post,
Cried out, "Say, you, mister! hev you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them, while the wind howled long an' wild,
An' the bravest man among them grew as timid as a child.
An' they drew together closer, round the backlog's cheerful blaze,
While Tom, the tall young teamster, stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror, an' cried, "What do you mean?
What tale is this your tellin'? where may the ghost be seen?"
"Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!" cried Zeke, the worthy host;
"But pass Lone Rock at midnight an' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it! what has his ghostship done?
Who 's playin' tricks upon you, jest to see you brave men run?"
"There's never a trick about it!" Zeke gravely shook his head,
"'Tis some poor, lone, lost sperit can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"An' you needn't talk of courage, fer the bravest man around
Couldn't face thet tall white figger, an' before it stand his ground!"
"I'll tell you what, good 'Zekiel, I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight, an' the ghost's acquaintance seek!"

On the banks of Susquehanna, where the river makes a bend,
An' the darksome forest branches 'cross the water shadows send,
Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored, a tall figure, clothed in white,
May be seen to stand an' beckon in the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer, with the sunlight breakin' through
The tall pines clustered round it, shuttin' out the landward view;
But at night 'tis dark an' gruesome, e'en the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place fer ghostly revel or to hatch some devil's plot.

'Tis the witchin' hour of midnight, diamond-decked the wintry skies;
The lonely road along the river in the deepest shadow lies,
An' a stillness, deep an' solemn as the hush of death, is there.
The snow lies white, untrodden, save fer foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken by the slow an' measured tread
Of four big, brown-eyed oxen, fastened to the teamster's sled.
It is Tom, the brave young fellow, who has vowed the ghost to lay,
An' as his patient oxen slowly plod the frozen way,

With wonderin' eyes he scans the summit of Lone Rock's snowy crest—
Yes, there stands the tall white figger, object of their eager quest!
He gazes but a moment on it, then leaps softly to the ground,
Scales the rock, an' stands beside it, turns the figger slowly round.

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you, an' no more tricks you'll play
On the teamsters. Oh, the cowards!" an' he drew the sheet away.
But the sight that met his vision caused his manly flesh to creep—
Not a ghost, nor yet a trickster, but a maiden, fast asleep!

For a minnit poor Tom trembled, half inclined to leave the field;
He who feared no man nor devil—all his courage seemed to yield
Before this white-robed girlish figger, with her dark, disheveled hair,
With her midnight eyes wide open an' her purty feet all bare.

Callin' back his recreant courage, down the snowy rocks he sped,
Claspin' close the lovely spectre, placed her safely in the sled;
Wrapped her well in robes an' blankets—fer the night was bitter cold—
Walked beside the patient oxen, like a stalwart knight of old,

Hopin' he might reach the tavern ere the sleepin' girl awoke.
But the motion must hev roused her, fer she soon sat up an' spoke:
"Where am I? Oh, where am I?" an' she giv' a frightened scream.
"Who brings me here at midnight, or is it but a dreadful dream?"

When he reached old Halfway Tavern, callin' loudly to mine host,
"I've passed Lone Rock at midnight, an' I've surely caught the ghost!
So come forth, good landlord 'Zekiel, do be quick an' bring your wife,
Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention, would you save the critter's life!"

Once again from top to bottom Halfway Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke an' all his helpers pass around the foamin' cup,
Fer a weddin' is in progress an' there is no lack of cheer,
Tom's the groom—the ghost's beside him, but he shows no sign of fear.

Thus he whispers: "Annie, darlin', just one year ago to-night
Since, upon the snowy summit of Lone Rock's dizzy height,
I lost my heart, but gained a treasure far more precious than my life—
Ah! you little thought, good 'Zekiel, I should make your 'ghost' my wife!"

Now Tom's children's children—a goodly number he can boast—
Listen while their grandsire tells them how he caught the purty ghost;
Grandma listens, too, intently, while the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlin's, 'twas the last time I walked in my sleep!"

A PROPHETIC MIRROR.

CARLISLE SMITH.

ADOWN the darkened hall at twelve she crept,
And while all others in the household slept,
She'd heard how that when Night her pall had spread
On Hallowe'en, the face of him she'd wed
Would in the mirror's silver depths appear;
And she approached it now, not knowing fear:
She wished to have divulged which one of ten
She was to make the happiest of men.

She stands before the mirror: now she turns;
The candle in her soft, white hand low burns;
And now a backward glance she furtive throws
To learn if life is poetry or prose.
A shriek rings out upon the midnight air—
Poor maid! alas! no single face is there.

This dreadful prophecy of unkind fate
Took place far back in eighteen sixty-eight;
And, strange enough, I say it with regret,
It is fulfilled—the maid's unmarried yet.

ODE TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning, thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven, in the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not; what is most like thee?
From the rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which ever overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine.
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures that in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

LOVE STRONGER THAN LOCKS.

[The reciter gives the directions in the brackets as part of his recitation.]

[Time, midnight. Place, the shady side of the Billus dwelling. Ladder against side of house. Ardent youth half-way up ladder. Palpitating maiden leaning out of upper window, conversing in agitated whispers with ardent youth. Horses and closed carriage in charge of discreet driver at convenient distance round the corner. Moon disappearing behind a friendly cloud. Coast clear. Landscape wrapped in repose. Billus mansion similarly wrapped.]

BESSIE BILLUS. Sh, Arthur! Not so loud! Is everything ready?

ARTHUR CHUGWATER [burning with lover-like zeal, but unable to keep his teeth from chattering]. Everything is b-b-b-b—ready, dearest! B-b-b-b—come, Bessie! It's ch-ch-ch-chilly, and——

"Oh, Arthur, I'm afraid!"

"Afraid, d-d-darling? You can't fall. I'll catch you."

"Sh! I don't mean I'm afraid of falling, Arthur, but suppose papa should——"

"Isn't b-b-b—papa asleep by this time?"

"Yes, I'm sure he's asleep; but suppose he should wake up!"

"Is he—g-g-g—in the habit of waking up at unseemly hours of the night?"

"O dear no! But I—I'm so——"

[Impatiently.] "So am I—f-f-f—dearest, and it's getting colder every minute."

[Leaning a little farther out.] "Are you sure, Arthur, you love me as well as ever?"

[Impetuously.] "Love you, Bessie? Why—b-b-b-b—Great Scott! I——"

"Sh! Don't whisper so loud, Arthur! Have you got the license?"

"We don't need a—ch-ch-ch—license to get married in Wisconsin. Got your wraps all on, Bessie?"

"Yes."

"I haven't! I—b-b-b—left my overcoat in the carriage, and it's getting——"

[Uneasily.] "O Arthur! I've just happened to think!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Suppose we shouldn't find a minister after we get across the line!"

"Not find a minister? Suffering Moses! Wisconsin is full of preachers!"

"And suppose—hark!"

"What is it?"

"I fancied I heard something!"

"It's—b-b-b-b—one of the horses whinnying. Hurry, dearest! The train leaves in half an hour and it will take us nearly twenty minutes to——"

"But, Arthur, I'm afraid it isn't right!"

"Bessie, see here——"

"It will just break papa's heart! I know it will! You'll always be good to me, will you, Arthur?"

"Be—ch-ch—good to you? So help me——"

"Sh! Arthur! Don't swear!"

"Hurry, Bessie, for the love of——"

[Venturing out on the ladder.] "Well, Arthur, I'm coming. But remember——"

[Assisting her down the ladder.] "Oh, yes, I'll remember! Careful now! Steady! There! We're down."

[Clutching his arm wildly.] "Oh, dear! I feel as if I must go back! Where—where did you say the carriage was? It will break papa's heart and mamma will faint! I know she will!"

[Recklessly.] "Let her faint! Come, darling, b-b-b—it's only a short walk to the carriage."

[Wildly.] "Must I go! Must I break the heart of an indulgent father and blight the life of a tender mother? Must I leave this cherished home where I have always been——"

"Come, darling!"

"Where I have always been——"

PAPA BILLUS [thrusting his head out of the upper back window and speaking in a cold, hard, business-like voice]. Don't forget your trunk, Bessie!

WATERLOO.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1815.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

"WHAT struck?" "Half-past ten o'clock."
As over his saddle bow he bent
He thought of a village church in Kent,
And said, "She'll be kneeling soon, to pray,
Perhaps for me—on this Sabbath day."

Ping, ping! Hark, the bullets swing!
Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain;
Charge them, our Life Guards! They turn again,
While English beauty is on its knees
For English valor across the seas.

"There goes the van of the foes."
They've taken the wood by Hougoumont,
Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!
Taken again, lads! That's not amiss;
Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell-mell, bullet, shot and shell
Rain on our infantry thick and fast;
Many a stout heart will beat its last,
Blue eyes will moisten many a day
For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash ! Like a torrent's dash
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square—
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there;
Ye who would look on old England again,
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen !

Stamp, stamp, with its even tramp,
Rolls up hill the invincible Guard ;
Falters it at the fiftieth yard ?
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On! on! And the fight is won.
Shot-stricken linesmen and thrice-charged Guard
Glare at them lionlike, hungry and hard.
His waiting is done, his hour has come,
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on ! Life Guard and dragoon !
An English charge and a red right hand
Will bring fair years to your fair old land.
With riven corselet and shivered lance
Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still, in the moonlight chill,
A dying dragoon looks up to a friend:
"Tell her I did my part to the end,
Tell her I died as an Englishman should,
And give her—her handkerchief—it is my blood !"

There went from a church in Kent
An eager and anxious prayer to God
For lovers, brothers and sons abroad ;

The fairest and noblest prayed for one,
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm after hymn and psalm—
The preacher in silent thought is bowed
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.
Hark! what can that dull booming be
Swept by the east wind across the sea?

Boom! boom! like the voice of doom.
The preacher has fought and knows full well
The message that booming has to tell!
And gives out his text, "Let God arise
And He shall scatter our enemies."

One night, in two memories bright;
One golden hour unwatched at a ball,
A kerchief taken—or given—was all.
"Off to the war to-morrow—good-by;
I'll carry it with me until I die."

"He's dead! You have come," she said,
"To bring me tidings of him I loved?
Your face has told me your tale—he proved
Worthy the name that I did not know,
The man I thought him a year ago."

"He died, with stern English pride;
But lived to fight the great battle through;
His last words were of England and you!
He died as an English gentleman should,
And sent you your handkerchief rich with his blood."

"Ah! me, life is sad," said she,
"When all the sun in its sky hath flown,"
And "one loving bosom is very lone,"
And "Oh! if I might but be by you
In your soldier-grave at Waterloo!"

* * *

OF THE CHILD WITH THE BIRD AT THE BUSH.

JOHN BUNYAN.

MY little bird, how canst thou sit
  And sing amidst so many thorns!
Let me but hold upon thee get;
  My love with honor thee adorns.
Thou art at present little worth—
  Five farthings none will give for thee;
But, prithee, little bird, come forth,
  Thou of more value art to me.
'Tis true, it is sunshine to-day,
  To-morrow birds will have a storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
  My bosom then shall keep thee warm.
Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
  When darkness is thy covering;
At days thy danger's great by kites,
  How canst thou, then, sit there and sing?
Thy food is scarce and scanty, too,
  'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present state I pity do,
  Come, I'll provide thee better meat.
I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
  And sugar-plums, if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
  That from the cold I may thee save.
My father's palace shall be thine;
  Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing:
My little bird if thou'lt be mine,
  The whole year round shall be thy spring.
I'll teach thee all the notes at court;
  Unthought of music thou shalt play;

And all that thither do resort,
  Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.
I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
  No manner o' harm shall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy succorer,
  My bosom shall thy cabin be.
But lo! behold the bird is gone;
  These charmings would not make her yield;
The child's left at the bush alone,
  The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

BEFORE AND AFTER SCHOOL.

"QUARTER TO NINE! Boys and girls, do you hear?"
"One more buckwheat, then—be quick, mother dear!"
"Where is my luncheon box?" "Under the shelf,
Just in the place you left it yourself!"
"I can't say my table!" "Oh, find me my cap!"
"One kiss for mamma and sweet Sis in her lap."
"Be good, dear!" "I'll try!" "9 times 9's 81."
"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry up, Bill; let's run!"
With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"
"Oh, mother! I've torn my new dress, just look here!
I'm sorry, I only was climbing the wall."
"Oh, mother, my map was the nicest of all!"
"And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"
"Oh, say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache!" "The teacher's unfair!"
"Is dinner 'most ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast,
These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last.
A still, lonely house would be far worse than the noise;
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys!

THE FAN BRIGADE.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

EIGHT little girls are necessary for this drill. First come the bows. The children stand, with their sides to the audience, in two rows, thus :

* * * † † * * *

The tallest pair occupy the two middle places † †, and the other three pairs of children arranged behind them (as shown by the asterisks, * * *) are ready to step forward, a pair at a time, and take the place of each preceding couple that leaves the line. When all are in position, one bar of music is played as a preliminary, each child counting four with the music ; then the leaders at † † advance from their companions and toward each other four steps (counting four) ; then bow slowly to each other (counting four) ; then turning to their right and left respectively (toward the audience), step four steps ; then facing and bowing again (counting four), each turns off, one to the right, the other to the left, circling back to place at the rear of their respective rows. Meantime, the second couple has followed, on the fourth bar of music, making their first bow in unison with the second bow of the first couple ; the third and fourth couple following the same course, in turn, with perfect precision.

This figure can be fairly understood only by practical experiment and careful counting. When it is accomplished correctly, two couples will bow together till all are in line ; they repeat the entire figure, the middle pair bowing whenever they come together, the last time facing the audience. The beginning is very stately and elegant if performed slowly and in perfect time,

and if the bows are of the old-fashioned minuet-courtesy kind. It is sometimes necessary to take the children by the shoulders and press them down, telling them to bow at the same time, the object being to have them droop toward the floor very low, rather than to curve their bodies.

The fans should be of paper (five-cent Chinese fans will do to practice with, as many are broken in the drill), the object being to make a considerable crackling noise.

All now stand in line with fans on shoulders; then count four; then down with fans to the side (hanging downward); all this with the right hand.

Now for the drill; this is difficult to explain, even when carefully written. To simplify, it may be said to have a rest after each movement in the following list (excepting those joined by a brace {). In the "rest," the fan is held downward at the side and closed with a sharp snap; for the fan must be constantly fluttered, excepting when otherwise employed. The movements may be performed in succession, with the drill-prompter concealed from the audience, and giving the word of command in a whisper. Or the drill-prompter may call out each command after the manner of a military captain: "Hold fans!" "Unfurl fans!" etc.

1. HOLD FANS (counting four). Fan spread in front, held with both hands.

2. UNFURL (counting four). Each fan held against left shoulder by left hand, while right hand pulls it open outward at *one*, shut at *two*, open at *three*, shut at *four*.

3. GENTLE FLUTTER (counting four). Waving fan in the ordinary way, but with two flutters to a count — making eight little flutters.

4. MAJESTIC WAVE (counting eight). In two waves, fan thrown out to right, head held up looking toward it, fan in large curve, counting 1, 2, as it is thrown out; 3, 4, as it tips over just in front of eyes.

5. SCORNFUL (counting eight). Head turned to the left, fan in large curve past the face, counting as in preceding movement, two waves.

6. PLAYFUL (counting eight). One step forward, body slightly bent, fan held open, spread on a line with the eyes and fluttered.

7. BASHFUL (counting eight). Head turned away to the left, eyes looking downward, fan hiding face with light flutter.

8. ANGR (counting eight). One step forward with a light stamp of the foot, fan struck angrily on breast.

9. INVITING (counting eight). Body leaned forward to right, fan with scoop-like movement in four large waves toward face.

10. REPELLENT (counting eight). Head quickly turned away, same position of body, fan waves away from the face.

11. GOSSIP (counting eight). Fan held over head, spread, slightly inclined, line to break up in groups of two each, as if whispering.

12. PRESENT ARMS (counting four). Return in line, shut fans in front instead of "rest" at the side, then *present!*. Fans aimed straight outward at audience, each outside stick of fan held by one hand separately.

13. CRACK FANS (counting four). Left hand let go, right hand gives a brisk crack, opening fan at *four.*

14. SHOULDER FANS (counting four). Leaned on shoulder, shut.

15. CARRY FANS (counting eight). Struck on palm of left hand eight times.

16. GROUND FANS (counting two). Up at *one,* struck on ground at *two,* held on shoulder at *three,* by the side at *four.*

17. RETREAT FANS (counting four). Step back four steps.
18. TRIUMPH FANS (counting four). One step forward, fan held straight up over the head, closed.
19. SPREAD FANS (counting four). At *four*, fan thrown open.
20. SURRENDER FANS (counting four). Fan let fall on the floor.
21. RECOVER FANS (counting four). Picked up and shut.
22. DISCHARGE FANS (counting four). At *three*, held in front of shoulder by one stick; at *four*, thrown open outward with brisk crack.
23. MILITARY SALUTE (counting four). At *one*, straight out to the right, fan held up parallel with body; *two* at cheek, *three* out, *four* down, the rest counting four before the next movement, as in the others.
24. FAN SALUTE (counting four). At *four*, held to the lips and outward with inclination of the head.

And then the dresses! You would not recognize the little school-girls of nine to twelve years in those gayly-dressed, stately little dames with pointed waists, court trains fifty inches long, silk petticoats, white wigs and tower caps.

Two of the children had pointed waists and court trains of silesia covered with cretonne flowers; the first was of buff, with wine-colored flowers; the second was of blue, with tea and pink roses. You have no idea how pretty they looked with lace fixings at the neck and sleeves, and laced in front, with some old-fashioned silk skirts of their mammas' tucked up underneath for petticoats—one of apple-green, the other striped. Two had a pink waist and train, with cretonne flowers and a blue petticoat. Two had cretonne upper parts, made very prettily; one, a petticoat of pink-pressed satin, such as is used for fancy work, and the other a puffed blue front of silesia. Two had also cretonne—one in red ground, full of flowers and humming-birds, trimmed with silver fringe, with a fancy blue satin apron embroidered in white silk flowers, a relic of ancient splendor, improvised into a petticoat

front. The other's suit was of blue and white sprigged cretonne, a very pretty blue front of silesia, braided with gold braid, criss-cross, up and down, with old-fashioned porcelain picture on her bodice-waist.

About four yards of white tarletan and eight yards of ribbon wire made the caps, and a pound of pure white curled hair, bought in the rope (a wise plan, of which few people avail themselves in amateur theatricals), made the wigs. The caps are about twice the height of the face, with box-pleated ruching around the edge concealing the wire, the tarletan for the caps taken double, and streamers of the same hanging down the back. The caps can be made much prettier with silk lining, to match the costume, lace trimming and rosettes; but it is easier to make them in the simpler style, and the result is more appropriate to the childish faces.

The curled hair, untwisted carefully and kept in a long strand is shaped to the head, sewed with a needle and thread to hold it together, and after the inside hair is rolled up in a little knot, is fastened by hairpins, and tied around with a ribbon of black velvet to conceal the line where the real hair joins the forehead, having a little frizz of white hair below. I must not forget to mention the wee black court-plaster patches, several on each little face.

As the piano strikes up the stately march, the eight grand little ladies walk on the stage, the four half-couples stopping as they reach the stage till the other four pass them and turn around facing; then they take position, step toward each other, bow low slowly, using a whole bar of music for this, the little tower-caps nearly touching, then four steps to the front of the stage, another stately bow, and around, each following in place, bowing and marching. Then follows the regular drill, as above given.

BEFORE SHE THOUGHT.

MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY.

"You're the first girl I ever kissed," he said with beaming eyes,
And drew the maiden to his breast, thinking he'd won a prize.
But when she spoke it seemed as if he'd have to faint away:
"O, Charlie, that is just what all the other fellows say!"

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER.

Translated by W. Kay.

"KNIGHT, as sister's love for brother, must be mine for thee;
Seek from me, I pray, none other, lest it jeopard me.
God's peace in my bosom keeping, calm I'd ever seem,
Surely thou canst not be weeping; why that watery gleam?"

Silent hears it her true lover, though his heart it wrings;
One embrace and all is over, on his steed he springs;
Summons all his men around him from the Upper Rhine;
Takes the cross and soon hath bound him off for Palestine.

There our hero's deeds of glory history's page illume;
Foremost in the struggle gory, gleamed his streaming plume.
Toggenburg—that name of terror thrilled the Moslems pale;
But to comfort him, the bearer, all could not avail.

Heart-ache—twelve months he endured it, till obliged to yield;
Heart's-ease—war no whit secured it; so he leaves the field—
Finds a ship at Joppa waiting for a homeward breeze,
That, soon rising, sails inflating, wafts him o'er the seas.

Soon the pilgrim knight stands knocking at her castle gate,
Till, for answer, come the shocking thunder-words of fate:
"Gone is she you seek — yes, married; she is now Heaven's bride—
Dwells in yon far convent, quarried from the mountain's side."

To his father's halls, so stately, next he bids adieu,
Leaves his armor, worn so lately, and his steed so true;
Drapes his noble limbs in lowly hermit's sackcloth suit;
Down the Toggenburg then slowly wends his way on foot;

Builds a hut without assistant, 'neath a linden tree,
Whence that convent, not far distant, he could plainly see.
Waiting there from dawn's red gleaming till the bats do flit,
In his looks love patient beaming, all alone he'd sit,

One high window watching, full of hope to hear it clink;
Watching far into the cool of night to win a blink;
Through his eyes his whole soul sending on that earnest quest,
Till she looked forth, o'er him bending, like a spirit blest.

Then with heart relieved of sorrow he would calmly sleep,
Rising early every morrow keener watch to keep.
Many a day, sun-bright or raining, found him sitting there,
Watching, pale but uncomplaining, for that vision fair.

There one morning a poor peasant found him as he passed,
Dead—with visage thin and careworn, upward wistful cast.

FAIRY BELL.

MARION SHORT.

"SO, Fairy Bell, you've come at last,
Full sixty minutes late!
Your name the first upon the bills
The curtain's rise at eight.
Make haste and don your tinselled togs
To walk the slackened wire—
Your prettiness and daring feats
Have set the town on fire.
Why don't you speak? What ails you, girl?
You seem like one asleep!
Rouse up—there's Leon Dale about
To make his flying leap."

"I've come to say I cannot stay,
For mother's very low;
The doctor says that she must die—
Please pay and let me go."

"What nonsense, Fairy! Some old quack
Has given you a fright.
No, not one cent I'll pay to you
Unless you act to-night!"

"Why, Jake, I cannot." "But you must!
Just hear the calls for you.
Obey them, and with jingling coin
I'll fill your little shoe.
No pleading; I have said my say.
Now, boys, make firm the wire;
Have ready flag and parasol
And pan of crimson fire.
Slide on the cloud flat at the rear
And give the music cue.
Be hissed because of Fairy Bell?
No, sir! I'll put her through."
She stands prepared to make the start—
Poor girl—how pale her face!
And yet she bravely tries to smile,
And waves her scarf of lace.

"I scarce can lift the balance pole—
The distance seems a mile.
A bunch of roses from the box—
That means that I must smile.
My foot's unsteady for the walk,
My eyes are dull and dim;
The clouds upon the painted sky
About me seem to swim.

"I hear the 'bravos' from the house—
The people like me well—

Above the roar my mother's voice
  In anguish seems to swell.
Each moment is a weary hour
  Until my act is through,
Until I'm flying through the dark,
  My mother dear, to you.
Some girl is weeping in the wings—
  O what relief to cry!
'Twould ease my aching, fevered brain,
  And eyes so scorching dry.
O God have mercy—it is Nell,
  My sister—and so pale!
What news? I cannot move—I can
  Not see—my senses fail—
                Ah!"

One piercing scream and Fairy Bell
  A-glitter, 'mid the flies,
Plunged downward, starry flag in hand,
  Like being from the skies.
The roses thrown upon the stage
  Were crushed against her breast,
The people thronged, but touched her not;
  They saw she was—at rest.

AN APPEAL.

MONOLOGUE FOR A LADY.

[*Enter a young lady, holding an open letter.*]

IS the President of the Divorce Court here? No? What a pity! I want to get a divorce from my husband. Well, I dare say some members of the legal profession may be in the room, and perhaps they will kindly give me their advice.

I've been married three months, and I want a divorce! Oh,

yes, I'm quite sane, quite rational, quite, quite calm. But I hold in my hand a letter which I think ought to be sufficient to procure for an insulted wife instant freedom from a monster whom she has promised, in a misguided moment, to love, honor and obey. I'll read you the letter. I'm quite cool and collected now. I cried awfully when I found it, half an hour ago, and then I was furiously indignant; but now I am resigned, and I ask you to look at it with me in a perfectly calm and judicial spirit.

Oh, I did love Harry so, and we were *so* happy, and the honeymoon is only just over, and it was *so* sweet! And then to find this letter. Oh, it is cruel, cruel, cruel!

I was in the study just now, writing a letter, and in the blotting-book I found this. I saw it was in Harry's writing, and I thought there would be no harm in reading it. I read all Harry's letters. Husband and wife are one, you know (of course it depends which one). This is what I read:

"Dear Weldon: (That's an old college friend of his; we met him abroad; he lives in Italy.) How are you getting on? (How vulgar men are!) We are settled at last (are we?) and I am looking forward to the quietest of married life (are you?) with the best of wives (that sounds as if Harry had had experience of several). May is the sweetest little woman that ever lived (that's nice of Harry; he is a dear boy, after all). We shall be in town till the end of July (I shan't, I'm going home to mamma this very day). Of course, if you come over here, you must stay with us. We shall be delighted to put you up. (Now listen to this! This is the incriminating part.) How is dear Florence? I often think of those happy days, under the sunny sky, that have now passed, never to come again. That is an event in a man's life that only occurs once. You know how I adore Florence."

There! isn't it perfectly awful, dreadful, shameful, cruel! Dear Florence, indeed! I always hated the name, and now I positively detest it. Florence! there's an ill-tempered sound about it, somehow. I wonder if he called her Florrie, or Flossie, or Flo! I once knew a Flo and she was horrid; she used to steal my sweets at school. I believe all Florences are horrid.

"You know how I *adore* Florence." How wicked! if he had said *adored,* it would not have been so bad, but *adore,* that means he is going on adoring her now. Oh, it is shameful! Harry, Harry, why have you deceived me? I loved you so much—it was cruel, cruel! [*Bursts into tears.*] He [*sobbing*] told—me—he—had—never—loved—before—and now—now—he—oh! I shall never forgive him. False—cruel—wicked Harry! [*Recovers.*]

Now, I appeal to you, is not that enough for a divorce? I don't know how these things are done, but it can't be difficult with this proof. I suppose I shall have to go to the court. No, I shan't do that; it would get in the papers then, and that would be horrid. No, I shan't go to court. I shall look up the address of a judge in the directory. No, I know something better than that. My Aunt Maria has a cousin who is a judge, that is, something to do with law; he lives in Bryanston Square. I went there once with Aunt Maria to a musicale. I will find out what is the judge's wife's at-home day, and I'll call on her. I suppose wives of judges know all about these things. Anyhow, I'll say: "Please ask your husband to get me a divorce. I'll send a messenger for it to-morrow morning, and here's the proof; and please ask your husband to send me in his account with the divorce." That's what I'll do, it's quite simple.

Wasn't it lucky that I had to write a letter this morning, for otherwise I should not have seen this wretched piece of paper. I sent Harry out to scold the butcher and to get me some flowers to wear to-night, or else he would have finished the letter and sent it off. Oh, here are a few words on the other side; I had not seen this before. [*Reads with a puzzled expression.*] "I think I love every stone in Florence, as well as Ruskin does those of Venice, and they are hallowed to me as the place where May and I spent our never-to-be-forgotten honeymoon."

What does it mean? I don't understand. "Every stone in Florence!" Oh, of course, I see now—what an idiot I've been! Harry isn't false after all. He's a dear good boy, and I love him more than ever! Oh, I have been a little fool! I shall never forgive myself. He never meant a woman called Florence, he

meant the town! Oh, he *will* laugh at me when he hears—but he shan't hear; I won't tell him, and you won't, will you? Please don't. I'll run and put this back where I found it, and he will never know that I've seen it. This will be a lesson to me never to meddle with other people's correspondence, not even my husband's. [*Goes out, then returns.*] Oh, I forgot! I shan't want a divorce after all. I've asked your advice, but I don't want it. If everybody were as happy as Harry and I mean to be, there would be no use for any of you legal gentlemen.

WITH CLEARER VISION.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

I SAW to-night the man I loved three little years ago;
I did not think so short a time could change a mortal so.

There were none like him in those days—so strong, so true, so wise;
He had a lofty marble brow, and tender, soulful eyes.

A voice of music; hair by which the raven's wing would seem
But pale indeed; a face and form to haunt a sculptor's dream.

But when I looked at him to-night I saw no single trace
Of the old glory; only just a very common face.

No marble brow, no soul-lit orbs; the face was round and sleek,
That once to my love-haunted eyes was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed so very much. Ah, me!
But I was blind in those dear days, and now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind, of course, and yet to-night
I should be happier far if I had not received my sight.

One little thought will bother me—I only wish I knew
Whether he still is blind, or if his eyes are open too.

THE GIRL THAT I DIDN'T GET.

YES, that is her picture, standing there,
The one with full round face,
And the laughing mouth, and the loose, short hair,
And the brooch at her throat and the lace.
I know it is foolish to keep it there so,
To nourish the old regret;
But I should hate sadly to have her go,
The girl that I didn't get.

I put it away at first, I know,
In its leather frame and case;
And thought I could cherish my anger, and grow
To forget her name and her face.
But I found it was something I couldn't do—
I could only fume and fret,
Till my anger cooled and I got blue,
For the girl that I couldn't get.

For I missed the laughing, good-natured face,
As we miss an old friend that's away;
So I put it back in the same old place
It had known for many a day.
The picture has faded, the leather looks brown
To-night 'neath the flame of the jet;
But still I don't think I can take it down—
The girl that I didn't get.

I suppose these are things that we may expect,
For the brightest of metals will rust,
And there's always a fungus that feeds on neglect,
And the clearest of glass gathers dust.
And of course I knew, too, we'd been growing away
From those old summer days when we met;
And there's many a change in us both since the day
Of the girl that I didn't get.

But whatever may come and whatever may go—
  Though the picture may fade year by year,
There's a very soft spot in my heart, where I know
  Her image will always be clear.
And so I can say—and I always will—
  Good luck, and God bless her yet,
With all my heart, for she has it still—
  The girl that I didn't get.

EBO.

A. C. GORDON.

ALL o' dese here doin's don't suit me;
  I'se an ole-time nigger, don't you see?

Dis here eddication's humbug, sho';
It's done played de debbil wid Ebo.

Somewhar 'bout lars' summer, Dicey she
Tuk 'n' struck a notion, don't you see?

Says she: "Is'e been thinkin'." An' I says:
"What! *you* done thunk, honey?" Says she: "Yes,

I'se been thinkin' mons'ous 'bout Ebo;
He's fo'teen year ole now, don't you know?"

S' I: "Ole 'oman, you is right, I spec';
Dar's fo'teen—he kim fus'—dat's kerrec'!"

Says she: "He's a-growin' up a fool;
An' I'se gwine ter sen' him ter de school."

Bein's how it looked like she was bent
On de projeck, Ebo tuk 'n' went.

An' sence dat lars' summer, don't you see?
Dat 'ar boy have p'int'ly outdone me!

What you tink dat Ebo come tell me?
Dat all dis here y'arth what's flat, you see;

Dat it's roun', an' rolls jes' like a ball!
"Ebo, dat's a lie," I says, "dat's all!

Don't you see yer mammy, evvy night,
Set de water-pitcher out o' sight

Ob you chillun, up dar on de shelf?
Now, Mars' Spellin'-booker, 'splain yerself—

Sunrise, dat 'ar water's in dar still;
Ef de y'arth turned over, it 'ud spill!"

But he keeps resistin' it are so—
Eddication's done gone sp'ilt Ebo.

He's forever tellin' some sich lie;
He's gwine fine out better by-um-by.

Ef Ebo keeps l'arnin' at dat school,
Nex' thing he'll be provin' I'se a fool!

I are p'int'ly gwine ter take Ebo
Way f'om dat 'ar school-'ouse, sartin, sho'!

AFTER FROST.

WHEN the leaves are off the bushes an' the quails begin to pipe,
An' the hickory nuts are fallin' an' the pawpaw's good an' ripe,
An' the twigs you step so carefully on are sure to snap an' crack,
An' you whistle to the setter an' the squirrel jaws you back—
Oh, them's the kind of days fer me to meet the risin' sun,
With huntin' boots an' trousers an' a double-barreled gun;
When the woods are full of happy sounds of every sort an' type,
An' the leaves are off the bushes an' the quails begin to pipe.

There's a kind o' free-like feelin' broken loose inside o' you,
An' you want to holler awful, but you know you dassen't to;
Fer the frosty woods is allus full of skeery-hearted things,
From the fussy little partridge, with its whizzin', whirrin' wings,
To the leapin', long-eared cotton-tail, 'at goes a-skippin' hence.
An' the frisky little chipmunk on the top-rail of the fence,

Where he giggles till he doubles up as if he had the gripe,
When the leaves are off the bushes an' the quails begin to pipe.

There's a sort o' dreamy sadness, too, a feller often feels,
With his game-bag full o' pheasants an' the setter at his heels,
As he plods across the medders at the settin' o' the sun,
An' he thinks o' them dead pheasants at the bangin' of his gun;
An' he has some queerish notions 'bout the souls o' birds an' men,
An' the happy huntin' grounds 'at's in the everlastin' "when;"
Fer he's marked the day behind him with an awful ugly stripe,
When the leaves are off the bushes an' the quails begin to pipe.

THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

M. QUAD.

JUST an even hundred men answered "Here!" as the sergeant called the roll on the morning we awoke beside the Potomac. There were young men, middle-aged men, men from the town and men from the farm. There was an even hundred as we marched away—as we took our first turn at picket—as we first sighted the enemy—as we went into battle for the first time. After the roar of the guns had died away and the dead had been buried, only eighty-nine men answered "Here!" to the sergeant's morning roll-call. The others were covered up in the long trenches, and their loss drew the living closer together.

A few weeks went by, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in battle line again. There were charge and countercharge—men fell dead and uttered no cry. In the gloomy forest, by the light of a camp-fire, the sergeant called the roll, and now only seventy-eight men answered "Here!" The red earth trenches had claimed more victims, and the ties between the living were drawn still closer.

Then came Cold Harbor and the falling back to Malvern Hill. Cannon boomed and musketry crackled all day long and far into the night. Wounded men cursed and groaned as they limped away or fell helpless; men pitched forward with but a single cry and died with their faces hidden in the weeds and grass. After

Malvern Hill the sergeant called the roll again ; not the same sergeant as before—but another had taken his place—he was lying dead in the thickets at Fair Oaks—and this time only fifty-two men answered "Here!"

And so could you wonder that when recruits came to us we looked upon them as intruders, even though they were good men and true and had come to help us win victories? What did they know of our dead, of our wearisome marches, of touching elbows with us as we waited for the word to charge the flaming guns? Their names were called with ours, and we heard them answer "Here!" But they were only with us; they could not be of us. They had come too late.

And after South Mountain and Antietam, and Second Manassas and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the Wilderness, the roll was called, and our dead were covered up and other men were sent down to take their places. We shook hands with them and pretended to be comrades, but we had no ties with them. They had not learned war with us. They could not go back to the beginning—to our first dead. And at last came Appomattox and the surrender, and then peace and the return to Washington. We were almost a full company again as we turned out on the meadows of Arlington for the last roll-call. Upward of seventy living men could have answered "Here!" to their names.

"Fall in, Company G! Attention to roll-call!"

It was not the sergeant who had called the roll after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after Gettysburg, after the awful grapple in the thickets and swamps of the Wilderness. It was a new man—one who had been promoted before his cheeks had scarcely been burned by the southern sun. But he had heard of the ties which bound the old veterans together—he realized what this last roll-call meant to the survivors. And from the musty archives of the past, he took the roll of the dead and called:

"Anson—Armstrong—Armitage—Alsdorf!"

No one replied!

"Berry—Bloomingdale—Benson—Barstow—Benham!"

No one replied!

"Cary—Carter—Carnahan—Cummings—Comstock!"

No one replied!

And so he called, and so the silence of the death-roll grew deeper and deeper, until the living felt a chill creep over them.

"Young—Yeomans—Yager!"

No one replied!

"York!"

"Here!"

And so he of all was the sole survivor—the last living man of Company G—the only one who had the right to stand there in that line and answer to the last roll-call. The others—ninety and nine—were cripples at home, or sleeping their last sleep on the hillsides, in the valleys, in the forests and the thickets of Virginia.

The line cheered him as he stood apart—the last survivor of the glorious band which had fought in a dozen battles—but he turned away his head and wept.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back, come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

AT A DINNER PARTY.

A SKETCH OF LIFE, LOVE, REFLECTION AND AFTERTHOUGHT.

In the Hall.

GUEST discovered removing coat and hat, which are taken by a man with a reproving eye, amidst a grieved silence.

BUTLER [to subordinates, in ghostly whisper]. Tell 'em they can send up as soon as they please—now.

GUEST [to himself on the stairs]. I am the last man, then? Kept them all waiting, too, I shouldn't wonder. I don't care—they shouldn't ask a man to dine out the very evening he's been [catching sight of himself in mirror]—Jove! I mustn't go in looking like that, though, or they will see what's the matter!

[Assumes a jaunty smile.]

In the Drawing-Room.

CHORUS OF STARVING GUESTS [in undertone]. Too bad, you know—can't understand it!—No one has any right to do this sort of thing—don't care who he is!—Generally so punctual here—I make it a rule—never wait over five minutes past the hour for any one—quite right, too!

BUTLER. Mr. St. John Brentwing.

[Enter last guest under concentrated glare from surrounding eyes, which he seems rather to enjoy than otherwise.]

HOSTESS [with implied reproach]. I began to be quite afraid something had happened to you.

[Mr. B. thinks that she is not far wrong, and mumbles apologies.]

BUTLER [reappearing after a moment's pause]. Dinner is served.

HOSTESS [to Mr. B.]. Let me see, do you know Miss Flambowe?

MR. B. [who has been rejected by the young lady in question that very afternoon]. I—ah—do know Miss Flambowe.

[Adds "at last!" to himself bitterly and feels better.]

HOSTESS. Then I want you to take her in, please. You won't mind being close to the fire?

[Mr. B. thinks he has been very close to the fire already.]

A PATERNAL OLD GENTLEMAN. A most charming young lady. I congratulate you, sir—charming!

MR. B. [advancing to Miss Flambowe with elaborate indifference]. I believe I'm to take you in.

MISS F. [looking down, and hoping he doesn't mean to be "silly"]. I believe you are.

On the Stairs.

MR. B. [thinking he'd better say something]. Have you been out at all to-day?

MISS F. Only in the morning—such a wretched day, hasn't it been?

[Wishes she'd said something else.]

MR. B. Has it? Well, it was rather a dismal afternoon, now I come to think of it.

MISS F. [deciding to take this literally]. Oh, very! But, after all, one must expect a little unpleasantness just at this time of the year, mustn't one?

MR. B. Oh, yes; you can get used to anything if you only make up your mind to it.

[Thinks he is carrying it off rather well.]

At the Dinner-Table.

MISS F. How prettily the table's arranged, isn't it? Though I never quite like to see flowers strewn carelessly about, do you? I mean, it seems such a pity, you know.

MR. B. [with a feeble attempt to be cynical]. Oh, I don't sup-

pose they mind much, after they're once plucked—sooner they get the end over, the better for them, I should think. [Is afraid he has gone too far.] Aren't you taking turbot? You should—it's capital! [Swallows some mouthfuls with an effort.]

MISS F. I'm glad you're enjoying it. [She crumbles her bread.]

MR. B. I had no luncheon this morning, you see—and so—[lays down his knife and fork] that gives a fellow an appetite, you know. [To footman, who says, "Sherry or 'ock, sir?"] Hock.

MISS F. [to herself]. I don't believe he minds a bit—and yet, he hasn't finished his fish, after all.

MR. B. [in answer to his other neighbor]. Well, no; there isn't much doing just now. I've been meaning to get away for a long time—go abroad and rough it a bit, don't you know. [He has raised his voice unconsciously for the benefit of Miss F.] Start next week at the latest, I hope.

MISS F. [absently, to her other neighbor, who is telling her a funny story about Sydney Smith]. How very interesting! And you saw that yourself?

[The neighbor puts her down mentally as a pretty idiot.]

MISS F. [to Mr. B.]. Did I hear you say you were going abroad just now? Where did you think of going?

MR. B. [who has only just thought of it]. Well, I shall run over to—India and shoot tigers.

MISS F. Do you think you could lower that candle-shade a little? Thanks. Shoot tigers? You will like that, won't you?

MR. B. Immensely. [To footman.] Champagne, please.

MISS F. I suppose you have friends out there?

MR. B. I had a friend who went out some time ago.

MISS F. And you are going to join him?

MR. B. [carelessly]. Shouldn't be surprised if I did, sooner or later.

MISS F. Is he settled there, then?

MR. B. Settled? Oh, yes—he's settled.

MISS F. And he likes the country?

MR. B. He wasn't there long enough to tell—fell down a cliff, or something, and was killed, poor chap!

MISS F. [after playing with an entree]. I hope you'll be careful.

MR. B. I? Oh, I shall be careful enough. One takes one's chance, you know. By the way, will you let me send you home a skin, if I have any luck? You'd rather I didn't? I suppose I oughtn't to have offered—I never know about these things—I must wait, then—till—till I hear news of you. Were you looking for something?

MISS F. Only a little water, please.

Over the Cigarettes.

HOST [to Mr B.]. And how did you get on with that Miss Flambowe, eh, Brentwing? Nice girl, isn't she?

MR. B. Very. [Helps himself to salted almonds—which he doesn't like.]

HOST [confidentially]. Now that's a girl, now—a young fellow like you—chance for you. Might do worse, eh?

MR. B. [taking a cigarette and wishing his hand wouldn't shake so confoundedly]. Well, you see, sir—as to that [laughs awkwardly]—well, there are two sides to every question, aren't there?

HOST. I tell you what, Brentwing, you young men are too selfish nowadays. You don't like to give up your clubs, and your chambers, and all your bachelor enjoyment—not if it's to marry the nicest girl in the world—that's what it is!

MR. B. [laughing again unsteadily]. That's about the truth of it, sir—we're a poor lot!

Upstairs.

HOSTESS [to Miss F.]. And so you have met your neighbor before? He's quite a favorite of mine. I hope you found him amusing?

MISS F. Oh, extremely—he's going to India, he says, to—to shoot tigers, or something.

HOSTESS. He never said a word about it to me. What can he want to rush off like that for?

MISS F. He didn't tell me that. [She watches the door under her eyelashes, as the men enter. Mr. Brentwing engages in an animated conversation with a lively young lady at the other end of the room. The paternal old gentleman comes up and entertains

Miss Flambowe with elderly attentions for the rest of the evening, which she appears to appreciate highly.]

In the Hall.

MR. B. [who by the merest accident has taken his leave the moment after Miss F.]. Are they getting you a cab? [Coldly to Miss F., whom he finds below.]

MISS F. It's outside—I'm only waiting for my maid. Good-night—or I suppose I ouht to say—good-by?

MR. B. [stiffly]. After this afternoon, I should imagine good-by was the only thing to say.

MISS F. And you couldn't manage to come to see me just once—before you go away to your tigers? [Turns aside to arrange hood.]

MR. B. I could, of course—only I don't exactly see what the good of it would be!

MISS F. Of course, you are the best judge of that—I only thought you might find it worth while, perhaps.

MR. B. Lucella! Do you mean——

MISS F. [as she gets into cab]. I mean that I don't always quite know what I do mean. Good-night!

MR. B. [soliloquizing on pavement]. If I do go she'll only make a fool of me again. I won't give her the chance. At least I'll think over it. [Walks home and thinks over it.]

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"*ANGELUS Domini nuntiavit Maria!*"
St. Mark sets the peals for a hundred chimes dear;
"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*"
Thus the low prayer of my swarth gondolier.

The purple curtains of the west
  Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which, flaming Venice-ward, a crest
  Lights softly dome and cross and spire.
Deep lie the shadows in lagoons
  Far as Chioggia's sails and reeds;
The air with landward perfume swoons,
  My oarsman bows and counts his beads.
Our craft lies silent on the stream
And, floating thus, I idly dream.

And dream? Ah, fair Queen of the Sea,
  Not all thy witchings can enthrall
And fold the wings of memory!
  A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
  In fadeless form and scene to me;
And though thy angelus thrillful ring
  Out o'er the Adriatic sea,
I hear through all its rhythmics rung
Those dear old songs my mother sung!

O angelus-hour to heart and soul,
  O angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
  Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields—the musk
  Of hedge, of corn, of winrowed hay—
The subtle attars of the dusk,
  And glow-worms like some milky way;
Within, as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung!

"From every stormy wind that blows;"
  "Softly now the light of day;"
"Thou hidden source of calm repose;"
  "I love to steal awhile a way;"

"My days are gliding swiftly by;"
"Depths of mercy can there be;"
"Jesus, look with pitying eye;"
"Rock of Ages cleft for me;"
"Saviour, on me Thy grace bestow;"
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*"
Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear;
"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*"
I worshipped betimes with my swarth gondolier.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

KACELYEVO'S slope still felt
The cannons' bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.
Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide.
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.
One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled his place;
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
His head erect and his bosom bare.
"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

"Yield!" but aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.
They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round.
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
"Bismillah!" they cried; "'tis an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead;
Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

A CITY MYSTERY.

AMY RANDOLPH.

MISS MELINDA PARKINSON had come down to New York to buy her summer patterns and to indulge herself with a glimpse at the great world, of which hitherto she had only become acquainted through the columns of the weekly newspaper.

"It must be a mortal strange place," said that amiable spinster, "where folks walk up and down Broadway in their Sunday clothes, and milk sells for ten cents a quart. And where they hain't no garrets to their houses, and go out to parties just when we Centrevillers are tying on our nightcaps to go to bed. Well, well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world!"

So Miss Melinda retrimmed her leghorn hat with sage-green ribbons, sponged over her ancient black silk gown, indulged in the extravagance of new gloves, and set forth to visit Cousin Lemuel Larkins, whose family had frequently spent summers at the farm.

Cousin Lemuel and his eldest daughter, Persephone, met her at the depot. Cousin Lemuel was a photographer on the Bowery, and Miss Persephone "did" supernumerary parts at the Sparkle Theatre, and had the promise of "going on" whenever there should be a vacancy in the regular *dramatis personæ*.

"Come along, Cousin Melly," said Mr. Larkins. "Where's the check for your baggage? Here, expressman!"

"But," shrieked Miss Melinda, "is that check all I've got to show for my trunk? How do you know he'll ever bring up the trunk at all? I once read in *The Sentinel* how——"

"Come along," said Mr. Larkins, good-humoredly. You'll find it'll all be right."

No sooner was Miss Parkinson safely bestowed in a car between a stout gentleman reading his paper and a black velvet cloaked lady, than she again began to be uneasy.

"Lemuel," said she, in a stage whisper, "I don't like these cars. I'd rather walk."

"Why?" said Mr. Larkins, who was hanging from a strap like a first-class trapeze performer. "Eh? The man next you a pick-pocket? It can't possibly be! He's a-holding the paper with both hands. How can he be picking your pocket?"

"Ah!" nodded Miss Parkinson, "they can't deceive me. One of 'em's stuffed! I've read all about it! And he may be a-takin' my watch and my twenty-five dollars out of my under pocket with the real hand, this very minute, for all I know!"

"Madam," said the strange gentleman, jumping up and turning very red, "I have not yet arrived at my destination, but I much prefer walking to finding myself the subject of aspersions such as these! Conductor, you will have the goodness to stop."

"There, it's just as *The Sentinel* says! He's escaping! Driver, I insist that he shall be searched! Conductor, call the police!"

"P'r'aps," suggested Cousin Lemuel, "you'd better see if your watch and money ain't safe, Melinda!"

"Because, marm," added the conductor, with the corners of his mouth twitching, "that there gent is Judge De Griffiths, of the court of common complaints, as ain't no way addicted to pocket picking, as ever I heerd on!"

And Miss Parkinson, discovering that her valuables were all safe, subsided, merely remarking that "we are all liable to mistakes."

In the middle of the night Mrs. Larkins was aroused by a rapping at her chamber door.

"Eh?" said she, sitting up in bed, her classic brow crowned by a *chevaux-de-frise* of curl-papers. "It ain't burglars, is it? Nor the fire department? Dear me, Cousin Melinda, what can you possibly be wanting at this time of night?"

"Lucretia," said Miss Parkinson, "hush! come with me at once."

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Larkins, "what is the matter? Ain't nobody sick, is there?"

"It's a somnambulist," whispered Miss Parkinson, "a poor,

crazy creature on the roof next door, all alone by herself, with nothing but a step between her and death."

"La!" said Mrs. Larkins, beginning to develop hysterical symptoms. "Are you sure—quite sure now, Melinda, that it ain't the Limburger cheese settin' heavy on your stomach? It don't agree with everybody, you know. And——"

"Come and see for yourself. There! Don't you see her dress flutter? Do you perceive how dangerously near the edge she stands?"

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Mrs. Larkins. "Let's call Lemuel."

"Who is it that lives in the next house?" demanded Melinda; "for we must go there ourselves, Lucretia. There's no time to rouse up anybody."

"And Lemuel sleeps like a log," said Mrs. Larkins, "and always thrashes around with his fists when he's roused up sudden, thinkin' of burglars the very first thing, poor dear! It's Mr. Burnabee as lives there, a manufacturer of ladies' felt skirts. Oh, yes; p'r'aps we'd better go, or the poor dear'll fling herself over."

The two women crept down stairs and rang loudly at Mr. Burnabee's door. There was a delay which seemed almost interminable before Mr. Burnabee appeared—a little, old, red-nosed man, with scanty gray hair, a palm-leaf-patterned dressing-gown, and a candle whose feeble flame flickered to and fro while he shaded it with one hand.

"Is it fire," said Mr. Burnabee, "or an accident on the elevated road? I've always knowed it would come sooner or later."

"The roof! The roof!" gasped Melinda.

"Save her!" shrieked Mrs. Larkins.

"Eh?" said Mr. Burnabee. "Save who? What are you talking about, ladies?"

"The sleep-walker!" cried Miss Parkinson. "The poor creature who hovers between life and death on the top of this house!"

"We saw a woman on the roof," explained Mrs. Larkins, "and she wouldn't answer when my cousin called to her, and we're almost certain sure she's insane."

Mr. Burnabee's countenance broke into a smile.

"There ain't no woman there," said he.

"Man," said Miss Melinda, "you are deceiving us!"

"It's nothing on earth," went on Mr. Burnabee, "but my wire dummy as I fit the skirts over. The roof leaked all over her new pink cambric slip in the hard shower yesterday, so I jest set her out on the roof to dry. I put her out at night, because I knowed if I did it in the daytime there'd be no end of people asking questions."

"Oh!" said Miss Parkinson, rather awkwardly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Larkins, biting her lip.

"Much obliged to you, all the same," said Mr. Burnabee, blandly.

And the two women crept home again.

"Lucretia," said Miss Parkinson.

"W-w-well," faltered Mrs. Larkins.

"Don't speak of this to any one, will you?"

Miss Parkinson purchased her patterns, and hastened back to Centreville, and ever since she declares that all the wealth of the Indies would not induce her to live in that head centre of mystery, New York! And if people ask her why, she only shakes her head and says mysteriously:

"Never mind."

THE BABY'S THOUGHTS.

THE baby sits on his mammy's knee,
Winkin' at you an' blinkin' at me;
Not carin' a snap for the flies that buzz
Around its wee head an' over the fuzz
That grows there as soft an' fine as silk,
Out of a skin as white as milk.
An' there he sits an' coos an' crows,
Thinkin' of things that a baby knows—
Say, what *does* a baby think, anyway?

An' now I think as I look at him,
Him a-lookin' at the hired hand, Jim,
Same's if he knowed 'bout how Jim had shirked
An' went to town when he should have worked.
Then he looks far off, like's if he saw
Somethin' 't can't be seen by me an' ma;
He coos an' laughs till you'd think he'd bus'
An' never once a-lookin' at us—
Say, what *does* the baby think, anyway?

Then we laugh an' try to make him show
Off to vis'tin' folks before they go;
But he only yells an' not a word
He'll say in that lingo that you've heard.
An' then when he sleeps he sometimes smiles
Like's if he was off for miles an' miles
Into the place where there ain't no care,
Way out in the land of Over There—
Say, what *does* baby think, anyway?

TREASURES.

KATIE H. KAVANAGH.

I HAVE a glove, 'twas once, I think,
The very faintest shade of pink;
And here's a slipper, cute and small,
A relic of my college ball;
Here, too's, a handkerchief of lace—
Just look, and see if you can trace
That name wrote in the corner there—
It looks to me as if 'twas "Claire."

I have a ribbon of pale blue—
At least 'twas once that dainty hue—
All twined around a curl of gold,
But not for all the wealth untold

Could I (the mem'ry is to blame)
Tell you the gentle owner's name;
And here's a faded rose bouquet
Pinned to a crumpled note signed "May."

A woman would, no doubt, shed tears
O'er treasures of the long-dead years,
But being just a heartless man,
I only o'er them lightly scan.
You ask me, why I keep them; well,
That I, indeed, could hardly tell—
But, lo, the box! for on my life,
Here comes my bonny little wife!

BIVOUAC BY THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

GRACE DUFFIE ROE.

SUNSET at last, and the evening came—
A Sister of Mercy in garments gray—
Touching with fingers cool as the rain
The fevered turf where the wounded lay.

The rippling tide of the river near
Was dappled with crimson short hours ago,
And minies screamed in each soldier's ear
The menacing taunts of his foe.

But now from each shore of the swift stream
The bivouac fires, through the dusk and the damp,
On the arm of the river stretched between,
Seemed each to signal the other's camp.

For the gray-hued flower of Southern pride
Flecked one green shore with its silvery dots,
While the low hills on the other side
Were blue with the North's forget-me-nots.

So near were they that each sentry's call
  Was heard like an echo from camp to camp,
As with guns hugged close, at even-fall,
  The boys sought rest from the fight and tramp.

But soon, from the Southern slope, a song
  From a homesick trooper rang loud and free,
And praise was sounded the line along
  To "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

And scarce had the echoes died away
  When from Northern hill came the measures true
Of our "Starry Banner," proud and gay,
  Sung with a will by the boys in blue.

Then with "Hail Columbia's" stirring strain,
  And "Yankee Doodle's" tinkling numbers,
The weariest feet caught time again
  And stragglers roused from out their slumbers.

While Confed'rate yells and Yankee cheers
  Met over the waves like a tempest's frown;
And out on the tide rolled bitter jeers
  That Hate, in the robes of song, swept down.

Then "Maryland," from the Southern hill,
  Came over the Rappahannock river.
How that noble song made pulses thrill
  And full throats ache and eyelids quiver!

So on, till 'mid loud battle-cry,
  And patriot fires by music kindled,
The air of "Dixie" rose on high,
  And cheers and jeers again were mingled.

Then all was hushed, till sweet and clear
  A bugle's golden lips were sounding
The song to the loyal heart most dear,
  That warms the blood and sends it bounding.

It stole down over the tented field
  Till lips could pray that before made moan;
It touched the hearts that would break, not yield,
  With the tender notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

Band after band from the Northern side
  Lifted its glorious praise on high,
And lo! the foeman across the tide
  Joined in the song with rapturous cry;

Till up and down from the wooded slopes
  The great Te Deum rang loud and clear;
And up from the two great armies' throats
  Rose shouts for the Angel of Peace to hear.

Then all was still. But across the stream
  The bivouac fires—thro' the dusk and the damp—
On the arm of the river stretched between,
  Still waved and signaled each other's camp.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S HUMOR.

BIDDY MORIARTY was a virago of the most abusive type, who kept a huckster's shop on the quay of Dublin, and O'Connell had declared that, in a tongue tilt, he would drive this mistress and mother of epithet completely into confusion and defeat. So, commencing the attack, he said: "What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good name it is, and what have you to say agin it? and one and sixpence is the price of this stick, troth, 'tis chape as dirt, so it is."

"One and sixpence for a walking-stick! Whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence your grandmother!" replied Biddy. "Do you mane to say it is cheatin' the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor! and it is that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal," answered O'Connell, calmly.

Mrs. Moriarty grew angry.

"Don't be in a passion, my old radius; anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

A volley of strong language followed.

"Easy now, easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humor. "Don't choke yourself with fine language, you old parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Moriarty, stung with fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram, and a Dublin judge and jury will find it's no libel to call you so."

In vain the woman protested her innocence.

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you deny that you keep a hypothenuse in your house."

"It's a lie for you; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindlin' thief!"

"Ah! you can't deny the charge, you miserable submultiple of a duplicate ratio."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease, I'll—" but here she gasped for breath, while O'Connell proceeded:

"While I've a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her, boys, where she stands, a convicted perpendicular in petticoats; there she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah! you're found out, you rectilinear antecedent and equiangular old hag, you porter swiping similitude of the bisection of a vortex."

But this last was too much. Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, the old woman burst into tears beneath these disgraceful impeachments of her fair fame.

AN IDYL.

C. G. BUCK.

I SAW her first on a day in spring,
By the side of a stream, as I fished along,
And loitered to hear the robins sing,
And guessed at the secret they told in song.

The apple-blossoms, so white and red,
Were mirrored beneath in the streamlet's flow;
And the sky was blue far overhead,
And far in the depths of the brook below.

I lay half hid by a mossy stone
And looked in the water for flower and sky.
I heard a step—I was not alone:
And a vision of loveliness met my eye.

I saw her come to the other side,
And the apple-blossoms were not more fair;
She stooped to gaze in the sunlit tide,
And her eyes met mine in the water there.

She stopped in timid and mute surprise,
And that look might have lasted till now, I ween;
But modestly dropping her dove-like eyes,
She turned her away to the meadow green.

I stood in wonder and rapture lost
At her slender form and her step so free,
At her raven locks by the breezes tossed,
As she kicked up her heels in the air for glee.

The apple-blossoms are withered now,
But the sky, and the meadow, and stream are there;
And whenever I wander that way I vow
That some day I'll buy me that little black mare.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the border side,
And he has lifted the colonel's mare that is the colonel's pride;
He has lifted her out of the stable door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the colonel's son, that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazal; at dawn he is into Bonair;
But he must go by Fort Monroe to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Monroe as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men."
The colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw, rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of hell, and the head of the gallows tree.
The colonel's son, he's up and away as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai;

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said, "show, now, if ye can ride."

It is up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go;
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle bars as a lady plays with a glove.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn;
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a watercourse—in a woeful heap fell he—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back and pulled the rider free;
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room there was to strive—
"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;
There was not a rock for twenty miles, there was not a clump of trees,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knees.
If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of jackal's meat were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, and thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal spawn—howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet,
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet;
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with death?"
Lightly answered the colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—she will carry no better man!"
The red mare ran to the colonel's son and nuzzled against his breast.
"We be two strong men," said Kamal, then, "but she loveth the younger best;
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The colonel's son a pistol drew and held its muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal, straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb;
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain crest;
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now, here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides.
And thou must ride at his left side, as shield to shoulder rides,
Till death or I cut loose the tie. At camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his; thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine;
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the piece of the border line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes and there they found no fault;
They have taken the oath of the brother-in-blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the oath of the brother-in-blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber-knife and the wondrous names of God.
The colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Monroe, where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the quarter guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the colonel's son. "Put up your steel at your sides;
Last night ye had struck at a border thief, to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border or breed or birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

HOW TO EAT A 'POSSUM.

IF yuh wants to know what's good, des lis'en: Yuh look at de 'possum and smack yer lips, fer he a big, fine feller. Den yuh take 'im an' go rite back home, an' des fo' yuh git to de do' yuh take yo' axe-helve an' put 'im across de neck an' brake de neck by pullin' of de tail. Den yuh take 'im in de house an' de ole 'oman done lef' a great big fireplace heap' full hick'ry ashes; yuh takes de shubbel an' opens er big hole in dem pile er ashes an' draps dat 'possum in dar; an' when yuh takes 'im outer dar de ha'r des pull off des as easy, an' yuh put 'im in some hot water an' scrapes 'im wid er caseknife an' he cums des as clean. Den yuh takes out der intrals, hang 'im up an' wash 'im good; den yuh salts 'im down an' puts 'im away twel Monday mawnin'. Monday mawnin' cum, de ole 'oman take 'im out an' parbiles 'im good; den she gits 'bout peck o' taters, an' den slices dem taters an' piles 'em all ober 'im, an' den she bakes 'im twel de grease run all fru dem taters. Den she takes 'im out an' puts 'im in de big dish an' sets 'im on de dinner-table, wid de taters piled up all ober 'im.

Yuh cum ter dinner frum der fiel' an' yuh walks in an' sets down to de table, but yuh doan' eat dat 'possum den. Eh! eh! eh! eh! No, sah; doan' eat dat 'possum den. Arter dinner yuh takes 'im an' de taters an' sets 'im up in de cubburd. Bimeby yuh cums

home frum de day's wuk. Yer mity wore out, fer yer ben wukin' in de fiel' hard all day. Yuh sets down outside de cabin do' an' takes yer pipe an' smokes. 'Fore long Ephrem says:

"Daddy, daddy! thupper's ready."

But yuh des sets dar; yer doan' go in at all. Yuh wait twel de ole 'oman an' de chillun go off to bed—sho nuff. Den yuh knocks de ashes out yo' pipe an' goes in. Yuh moves de little squar' table front de fire an' puts yo' char close up dar by it. Den yuh goes to de cubburd an' gets de 'possum an' de taters. Yuh puts 'im on de table. Yuh tell de ole 'oman fer to go out an' lock de do'. Den dar yuh is! Yuh an' de 'possum, all by yerselves—tergedder!

THAT BOY JIM.

F. L. STANTON.

HE was the "devil," that boy Jim.
Couldn't do nothin' at all with him.
Ragged an' dirty—a gutter snipe—
Pi'in' the cases, distributin' type;
Peltin' the neighbors on their heads
With bran' new quoins an' slugs' an' leads,
From early mornin' to evenin' dim—
He was the "devil," that boy Jim.

Editor cussed him—'twa'n't no good;
Head as hard as a piece of wood;
Just bust out in a loud hooray,
An' kept right on in his hard-head way.
But onct when the train was passin' by
An' the editor's child on the track—Oh, my—
Jim he rushed with the same don't care
Right in front of the engine there!

Child was saved! * * * But where was Jim?
With flamin' lanterns they looked for him.

While the people trembled an' held their breath—
"Under the engine crushed to death!"
There in the dust an' grime he lay—
Jim, he had given his life away!
'Twa'n't no use to weep for him;
He was a' angel—that boy Jim!

OUR HEROES.

O. F. PEARRE.

WHEN the clouds of war were rolling o'er the heavens like a pall;
When the solemn bells were tolling, when the knowledge came to all,
That unholy hands were grasping at the nation's vitals, then
Came the voice of Freedom, asking aid from brave and loyal men.

Then they came from hill and valley; came from field and crowded mart,
'Round the grand old flag to rally, ev'ry man to do his part.
Brothers bade farewell to brothers; husbands kissed their wives good-by;
Sons went forth from weeping mothers, when they heard that pleading cry.

In the ranks of war we find them marching to the Southern shore;
Well they loved their homes behind them, but they loved their country more.
Loud they sang the swelling chorus, like the whirlwind was its breath;
"Freedom's flag is floating o'er us, march to liberty or death!"

Scream of shell and cannon's rattle met them on the field of blood;
All the rush and roar of battle poured about them like a flood.

Onward went the brave, true-hearted, driving foes from fort and field;
Many souls from bodies parted—they could die, but would not yield.

Onward still, till peace descended like a benediction sweet;
Then, when all their work was ended, laid their swords at Freedom's feet.
Who such noble work can measure? who its value will make known?
They preserved the richest treasure which the sons of men can own.

Some are sleeping where death found them, facing dangers far away;
Some have stately tombs around them; some are resting here to-day.
Freedom watch and ward is keeping o'er each Union soldier's grave;
Eyes of angels watch them sleeping in the land they died to save.

Bring the perfumed flowers which Heaven from the realms of beauty gave—
Fairest things to mortals given, strew them on each honored grave.
Give the day to contemplation, sacred be its solemn hours,
Everywhere through all the nation strew the soldiers' graves with flowers.

Oh! for words to tell their story, tell it as it should be told;
Place it on the page of glory all in lines of shining gold;
Tell it so that generations shall revere them as they ought;
Write it so that other nations learn the lessons they have taught.

FROM A FUTURE NOVEL.

HERO: Have you no pity in your heart? Is there no tenderness in your nature? Are you wholly made up of brutal cruelty?

VILLAIN: Ha, ha! You appeal to a heart of stone. [Hissing.] I was once the centre rush of a football team.

HERO: Then heaven help us all! There is no hope.

IRRESOLUTE RESOLUTION.

OH, no! I'll never see him more,
Since thus he likes to roam;
And when you see him at the door,
Jane, say—I'm not at home!
He smiled last night when Julia smiled—
They must have met before;
If he by her is thus beguiled,
I'll never see him more!

I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
Nor play the waltzes o'er;
Nor wear the colors he approved—
I'll never please him more!
I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame,
As thousands have before,
Look strange whene'er I hear his name
And ne'er pronounce it more!

This ring—his gift—I must return,
It makes my finger sore;
These are his letters—those I'll burn
And trample on the floor!
His sonnet that my album graced,
My tears shall blot it o'er;
The leaves together, then, I'll paste
And ne'er behold it more!

I'll waltz and flirt with Mr. B——,
That terrible old bore!
In short, I'll show my heart is free
And sighs for him no more.
If we should meet, his eye shall shrink
My scornful glance before—
What's that? His knock! Here, Jane, I think
I'll see him—just once more!

AT THE BOOK COUNTER.

SOME of the downtown merchants put in a stock of books just before the holiday season, and place them in charge of a young lady who has all the necessary qualifications for making one buy, but is utterly destitute of the sort of information the buyer wants before he makes a purchase. She could puzzle a man very quickly if she were over in the embroidery department, and a man went there to purchase. But she is sent to the book-stall by the manager, who doesn't stop to inquire whether she knows anything about books.

A gentleman was at one of these book-stalls, looking over the "bargains."

"Have you seen the beautiful books which we advertised to-day?" asked the young lady behind the books.

The gentleman said he had seen the advertisement, but not the books.

"Indeed," the young lady replied. "Well, they are here. Have you seen our beautiful Romeo and Juliet? Here it is. Only $3.14."

Looking over his glasses at the young lady, he asked:

"Who is the painter of this Romeo and Juliet?"

"Painter! It isn't a painting, it's a book."

"Ah, I beg your pardon. Who is the author—I didn't mean painter—I meant author?"

The young lady blushed and then rallied.

"Well," she said, meditatively, "if you don't know who wrote Romeo and Juliet, I don't think there is much use showing you the book."

"Possibly not," the gentleman replied. "But I am a stranger in the city, and I have been fooled so much since I came to Chicago that I thought I might venture to ask who wrote the beautiful book which you have advertised."

This was a long speech. The gentleman intended it should be, for during its delivery the young lady peeped into the front of

the book, and, shutting it quickly, said in a decided way: "Mr. Shakespeare wrote it. Maybe you have heard of him."

She uttered the last sentence in the way in which only a woman can utter a mean sentence. It was scorn and hatefulness and triumph all in a heap.

The gentleman replied: "It seems to me I have. Have you his other works?"

There was no impropriety in the query, and yet the young lady blushed again and looked at the man as if she could kill him. Then a light broke over her face, and the look of triumph came back to her eyes.

"I will see," she said, with a you-haven't-got-me-yet expression. Then she glided to the end of the counter where the hairless-headed floor-walker was posing in his Sunday-school attitude. She whispered to him and he shook his head. She glided back to the place of beginning and said in a firm, you-are-a-wretch tone of voice: "No, sir; we had his other works, but they have all been sold."

"I am very sorry indeed to annoy you," said the gentleman, "but can you tell me where I could get Shakespeare's Hiawatha in the same binding as this? The publisher's list must be in your house."

The young lady bit her underlip until all the blood in her face rushed to the place of attack. A woman's intuition is quick. She knew this man was intent upon mischief, and yet there was nothing in his speech or manner to which she could take exception.

She again had recourse to the pious-looking floor-walker, who said something and smiled. She returned to confront the man whom she now hated. She informed him in a hurrying way that this Romeo and Juliet was the only one of Mr. Shakespeare's works in the house, and that the house had no publisher's list.

"Very well," said the gentleman. "I will look at this, if you please, and see whose version it is—that is, if you have no objection."

"Certainly," she replied. And the way she said it!

He looked at the copy for a half-hour. It seemed a whole afternoon to the young lady. Then he said to her:

"Of course, it is not your fault. I don't blame you or your house. You could not have known this, of course. You will, I trust, pardon me."

This was one time when she had nothing to say.

The gentleman, seeing her position, continued: "According to this edition of Romeo and Juliet, Juliet kills herself, when the truth is she was smothered to death by Othello with a pillow. The book is a fraud!"

"I had not read it," the young lady answered in a subdued manner. "I am here to sell books—not to read them," she spitefully concluded.

"Of course, not," the gentleman replied, relenting. "Have you Mother Browning's Melodies?" he asked.

"You mean Mother Goose?"

"No. I mean Mother Browning. She used to be Mother Goose, but she is married."

The young lady put a pin in her hair and said something about "high time she was."

"Where is the soap-counter?" asked the wretch.

"Second aisle to the right. That way."

The young lady felt relieved when he asked her for the soap-counter. It was an indication that he was going. But he still lingered.

"Maybe you have it here," he said. "I want a book of poetical quotations. I have made a bet with a friend of mine that Campbell is the author of the line 'While there's life there's soap,' and it occurred to me that I might find it at the soap-counter, but maybe you have it here."

"I think you will find it in the second aisle to the right," she said, with indifference.

"Find what?" he asked; "the book of quotations or—"

"No," she shrieked, "the soap!"

And she left him standing there while she went to wait on an old gentleman who was looking at the juvenile prints of Noah's Ark at the far-away end of the counter.

THE CORSICAN VENDETTA; OR, LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

[Founded on the closing scene in "Mr. Barnes of New York."]

IN Corsica's far-distant isle,
Within an old ancestral pile,
A bridal chamber greets the eye
Brilliant as evening's starlit sky.
Soft, filmy laces, like sea-foam,
Creep, wave-like, over wall and dome;
Each costly feature of the room
Bore a strange or studied gloom,
For every rug that decked the floor,
Lion or tiger ceased its roar;
And near, where tender Venus smiled,
Was painted the Medusa wild;
And every Cupid's artless grace
Was foiled by Satyr's hideous face.
But, see! The whole to harmonize,
With agile form and starry eyes,
The bride, in shimmering satin sheen,
Burst like a fairy on the scene!
"My wedding-eve! Gerard, my king,
Has gone the wedding-gold to fling
Among the throng; and yet I sigh.
Each casts on us a vengeful eye—
On me, because I have forgot
Mine was an isolated lot.
I'd sworn by all above, below,
To avenge thy death, Antonio!
And, more; an English foreigner
Should ne'er, they say, be master here!

The miscreants my slaves were born;
I will not of my rights be shorn;
But he triumphant ruler is—
For they are mine, and I am his!"

Look! through the casement quickly springs
Her foster-father—wildly sings:
"Marina, rise! you've conquered fate!
A Corsican can love and hate!
Come, daughter of a vengeful race,
Come view that picture face to face!
See young Antonio as he lies
With pallid face and upturned eyes!
The picture sways upon the wall,
As if indignant at its fall!
Your brother, and my foster-son,
His glorious life but just begun!
That picture, meant to steel your heart,
And nerve your arm to do its part!"
"I see, Tomasso; loose your hold.
To torture thus your foster-child!
If my Gerard should find you here
This ill-timed scene would cost you dear;
This insult to his young bride-wife
He'd cancel with your very life!"
"I am the killer, girl, to-night;
While he lives I'll not leave your sight;
For, girl, the man whom you have wed
Laid our Antonio with the dead!"
"Those cruel words unsay, unsay,
Tomasso, 'tis my wedding-day!
Mercy, my heart stands still with fear!
You, Count Danello, enter here."
Danello, with well-feigned surprise,
Tomasso views with steel-lit eyes!
"Blood-hound, could you not obey,

And spare her on her wedding-day!
Too horrible! Depart! depart!
I would have buried in my heart
The secret coupled with our dead,
Since you to-day with him have wed."
"Speak, Count Danello, speak the truth;
Speak if it blasts my budding youth!"

"As God's above and I'm below,
Your husband struck the assassin's blow!"
"No! Heaven is merciful! Oh, no!
I'll not believe it—leave me! go!
But stay; the proof! My brain, it reels;
My hand my heart-beat scarcely feels.
The proofs, remorseless fiend! Oh, heart,
Let all thy tenderness depart!
Those blasting proofs none can deny—
Not e'en Marina's loving eye.
Those letters burn into my brain!
Gerardo, mio, ne'er again
Shall I behold that starlit eye!
My Jove-like Saxon love must die!"
Tomasso shrieks: "This be your cry—
The murderous English cur must die!
See this stiletto wildly dart,
As if it longed to reach his heart!
Look on Antonio's ashen brow!
Remember your vendetta now!
Seize your stiletto! Now your eye
Is full of death and tragedy.
Now, vengeful blows your hand will give—
Paoli's honor still will live!
But, girl, one word ere I depart;
He spared not—strike him to the heart!"
Danello cries: "Sweet bride, good-night!
When next I come within your sight

'Twill be your time to humbly sue—
Humility will be your cue!
I go; e'en now your English lord
Is hastening o'er the moonlit sward."
Without a tear, the myrtle wreath
Is crushed upon the floor beneath.
Hist! on the air a trembling knell—
"Farewell, my Saxon love, farewell!"

Beside the crimson portière,
With dagger gleaming cold and bare,
She waits within her bridal room
The coming of the happy groom.
"I swore above his glazing eye
By my hand should the murderer die.
His glorious face I cannot see—
'Twould steel me against his perfidy.
See, through these crimson folds must dart
This bright stiletto to his heart!
My Saxon ne'er will meet my sight,
I am a Corsican to-night!
I pledged that vow above the dead!
I vowed to-day when I was wed—
Vowed as he pressed me to his heart—
I'll love thee, till death do us part!
I cannot take that happy life
That fondly called me angel wife!
Whence comes this tender, holy glow
That floods with love's sweet overflow
Each channel of my happy breast,
That leaps to meet its heavenly guest?"

Tomasso through the casement spies
The heavenly love-light in her eyes—
Springs back—then hisses, fierce and low:
"Mine be the hand to strike the blow!"

Seizes the dagger from her hold,
Eager to pierce the crimson fold.
"Back, fiend! You know my strength of will;
In his defence I now will kill!
Give me the dagger, for I swear
You shall not harm one golden hair!"
"Marina, down!" Her throat he grips
To hush those pleading, loving lips.
His blood-shot eyes a moment peer
Upon a shadow coming near;
Then quick he gives a serpent dart—
The steel had pierced a beating heart:
Tomasso draws the portière,
And, weltering in his life-blood there—
Danello falls! Concealed he'd lain
To see his hated rival slain.
All frenzied by Marina's cry,
With lightning speed Gerard doth fly;
Sees mad Tomasso by him dart,
Catches Marina to his heart,
Who, conquered by the night's alarms,
Falls swooning in her Saxon's arms.

Recovering slow, with matchless grace,
Her fond hands frame that glorious face,
Exclaiming, with triumphant cry:
"No guilt within that Saxon eye!"
"Here are the proofs, my precious one,
That I am not the recreant one."
"Nay, other proofs I scorn to heed,
For love like mine can truly read;
For He who writes on sea and sky
Writes truth, my husband, in thine eye!"

THE FIREMAN'S PRIZE.

[A true incident. The lines were suggested by the brave act of Fireman McAlhattan, of No. 13, West-bound Accommodation, in rescuing a child from death, near Dimmock Station, Pa., April 21, 1891.]

WITH his hand upon the throttle as the train swept round the bend,
The engineer stood ready the signal forth to send;
His eye alert and watchful as he scanned the iron way
That between him and the station in the gleaming sunlight lay.

All alone he kept his vigil, save for one who, true and tried,
With a spirit never failing, shared each danger by his side—
His fireman, brave and dauntless, with his nerves like tempered steel,
But with heart of gold within him, prompt to act and quick to feel.

Like a flash of summer lightning onward dashed the fiery steed,
Never pausing for a moment in its rush of headlong speed,
When suddenly the whistle sounded shrill upon the air,
And the engineer grew pallid with a look of wild despair;

For there, before him standing, not a hundred yards away,
Was a tiny blue-eyed baby, from its mother's arms astray—
A fairy little figure, with its bright hair floating back,
All unconscious of its danger on the curving railway track!

From the throttle-valve his fingers in a nerveless tremor fell!
But only for an instant—quick as thought he struck the bell,
And reversed the flying engine, but, alas, in vain, in vain!
For, with terrible momentum, onward sped the rushing train.

"*You* stay! *I'll* save the baby!" all at once rang in his ear;
And, almost before the meaning of his comrade's words was clear,

From his cab had leaped the fireman, of the danger thinking
naught,
Driven onward by an impulse that with generous love was fraught.

Like a deer before its hunters, like an arrow through the sky,
Sped he on his noble mission, the dread monster to outvie;
While from every door and window of the scarcely slackened train
Anxious eyes his footsteps followed as he strove the goal to gain.

On he dashed, the score of watchers gazing with suspended breath
At the contest, so unequal, in the very jaws of death;
Every voice to whisper sinking, direst fear in every face,
Lest the brave man, speeding onward, should be conquered in the
race.

It could last but little longer, and a breathless silence fell,
When suddenly, like thunder, rose a wild, triumphant yell,
That, echoing and re-echoing, seemed to pierce the very skies,
For the fireman was the victor, and the baby's life his prize!

THE AMBITIOUS MARGUERITE.

AGNES CARR SAGE.

"TO court I shall go!" wee Marguerite cried,
"The bonny Queen Rose to see.
I'm weary of stupid field-life and ways,
And a lady I'll surely be—Lady Daisy of high degree!"

"Oh, no! Do not dare!" begged her friend Buttercup,
While Honey-Bee hummed "Beware!"
But Marguerite tossed her golden head,
And turned her back on the pair—the loving, rustic pair!

Then she pushed her way through the garden fence,
  Helped on by the sun and showers,
Till she stood at last where she longed to be,
  In the court of the garden flowers—the cultivated flowers!

Queen Rose reigned there on a royal bush,
  But she towered so lofty and tall,
She never once heard the low-whispered words,
  "I'm Daisy, from over the wall — from Meadowland, over the wall."

"A gypsy, no doubt!" cried Johnny Jump-Up,
  A pert little upstart page;
While the Bluebells thought of their azure blood,
  And Lady's-Slipper quivered with rage — with ill-concealed rage.

The Tulips made fun of her simple gown,
  Which called forth a silly chuckle
From a merry young foreign ambassador,
  Sir Japanese Honeysuckle—the funny Jap Honeysuckle!

And stately Lily, so pure and chaste,
  Drew her perfumed skirts aside,
While Prince's Feather and old Scotch Heather
  Growled, "The lassie can never here bide—*parvenues* we cannot abide."

Sweet-William alone some pity did show,
  As he bent down, with kindly grace,
To whisper, "Young stranger, go home again,
  For you see you are out of place—so very much out of place!"

Then Marguerite hung her bright little head,
  And sobbed, "Ah, I am indeed!"
When the gardener came with his rake and hoe,
  And pulled her up for a weed—a common, worthless weed!

O'er the garden wall he flung her afar,
Where she fell on the soft field grass,
While Buttercup wept sad tears of dew,
And Honey-Bee buzzed "Alas! our Daisy like this, alas!"

For the pearl of the meadow drooped, faded and pale,
And the lesson was dearly bought,
That 'tis better to dwell in a homely sphere
Than to be the jest of a court—the butt of its fun and sport!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

O. F. PEARRE.

PAT FLYNN had sixty-seven hats, and wanted sixty more,
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's, for only one he wore.
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.

'Twas "hats" the first thing in the morn, and "hats" at noon and night.
His neighbors laughed the man to scorn, and said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.

A million dollars Peter Doyle had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil to get a million more.
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more, bedad!"

His neighbors praised him to the skies wherever he might go;
They called him great, and good, and wise, and bowed before him low.
Is there such a difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?

A SCHOOL EPISODE.

SHE was just a little curly-headed school-girl, who wore one shabby black dress such a long time that the children made fun of her when she came and went among them.

"What do you think?" they said to each other, "little Louisa has only one dress, and she wears it all the year round!"

But one day in spring little Louisa blossomed out in pink.

"What do you think?" cried the children, "Louisa's got a new dress!"

One of them discovered that Louisa's new dress was not new, and she took pains to announce the fact to the school, in a few scornful comments.

"Made over! Yes, indeed, and so old-fashioned! You could see the old stitches. Some one had given it to her."

Louisa heard and cried herself sick. The teacher knew nothing of it. She was doing sums on the blackboard, and thumping knowledge into the children's heads.

"Please, teacher, a girl's fainted."

This unusual announcement roused all. The girl was Louisa—she of the pink dress.

"She's been a-crying awful," volunteered one of the children.

When the child came to herself, she clung, sobbing, to the teacher's hand, and told her story.

"It wasn't b-because it was out of fashion—I didn't care for that; nor because it was the only one I've got, besides the old black flannel; but it was made over for me from one of m-m-mother's, and, oh-h, teacher, she's dead!"

A tear fell from the eyes of the teacher, who had traveled that road herself.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I will see that the children treat you differently in future." And she kept her word.

A GENIUS.

JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

I'M a genius; don't you doubt it! I wuz in a village bred;
Thar a feller cum ter lecter, 'n' he fumbled o'er my head,
'N' he sed,
On the highest cliffs of fame
I would some day paint my name.

He sed nater had been reckless—she'd been on a kinder spree—
'N' ter show her gen'rous sperit all her wealth she gave ter me.
So ye see
Other chaps may whine forlorn,
While I am a genius born!

All before my eyes are splendors of the hero's mad career;
Or the plaudits of the statesman break upon my eager ear;
I can hear
Clappin' han's and stampin' feet
That resound my words ter greet!

In the shed the wood may wait me; in the field the plough may stand;
Taters in the ground may slumber—naught that's common feels my hand.
I'll command!
I await fame's bugle horn,
For I am a genius born!

NOT ALL IMAGINATION.

"Good-night!" she said, and laid her head upon his manly breast;
And he, accepted, homeward turned, his soul with joy possessed.
He fancied still above his heart he felt that cheek so fair;
On hanging up his coat he found its ghostly imprint there!

AT THE RESTAURANT.

WAITER. Well, ladies, what will it be?

MRS. ÉTAMINE. I don't know what you girls are going to take, but I can't eat a thing—unless it's ice-cream.

MISS DE BEIGE. I'm sure I don't want anything except cream. I never *can* eat in this hot weather.

MISS SATINE. I'd like some ice-cream, if they've got any *real* pistache.

MISS FOULARD. Oh, I wouldn't trust them to give me pistache *here!* I don't believe they know what pistache is. I'm going to take chocolate.

MRS. É. I'd take chocolate, too, only it's so heavy all by itself.

MISS DE B. Why don't you take it with strawberry?

MRS. É. Oh, I don't think strawberry and chocolate go well together! The contrast is too striking, don't you think?

MISS DE B. Well, perhaps it *is* a little—loud.

MISS F. Lemon and chocolate are awfully nice.

MISS S. But there's something about pistache, don't you know so delicate.

MISS F. I'm sure lemon is delicate. You can't taste any flavor at all, the way they make it at most places.

MISS S. But pistache is so *refined*, don't you know.

MRS. É. Dear me, here's this man standing by waiting—it's perfectly horrid to have him looming over us like a ghost or something. Do let's give our orders and get him away!

MISS DE B. Well, what are you going to order?

MRS. É. Why, I told you—chocolate and lemon.

MISS F. No; that was what I ordered, wasn't it?

MRS. É. Why, so it was! Chocolate and strawberry I meant. Some people think that's too heavy—too cloying, you know—but I think it's about as good as anything.

MISS DE B. Well, I think I'll take that, too. I don't know, though. Lemon is awfully good. I know a lady up in the Catskills—she had the loveliest little boy, just six years old, with curly hair that hung ever so far down his back, and he used to come to me every morning and ask for candy in the prettiest way—just like a little dog, and he learned it all himself—his mother told me nobody taught him—though I've always believed that that child never *could* have originated the idea all by himself—

MRS. É. Excuse me, Clara, but the man is waiting.

MISS DE B. As I was *saying*, she was poisoned by eating lemon ice-cream; but I believe they found out afterward that some one put the rat-poison in the freezer by mistake—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Étamine; I didn't know you were speaking—oh, yes—strawberry ice-cream, waiter, and a fork, if you please—don't bring me a spoon—I don't want it.

MISS S. Well, if I can't have pistache—

MISS F. You can't—I'm sure they haven't got it here. I'll take—let me see—some chocolate, I guess. Is your chocolate good, waiter?

MISS S. Oh, it's sure to be good—they never give you bad chocolate. Well, I *did* want pistache; but I think I'll take lemon. Some lemon ice-cream, waiter—lemon flavor—and don't bring it in half melted.

MRS. É. [*impressively*]. Some chocolate and strawberry ice-cream, waiter, mixed. And a spoon. Do you understand me, waiter? A spoon. *Not* a fork.

MISS F. Chocolate ice-cream—don't forget!

MISS S. Lemon ice-cream!

MISS DE B. Strawberry—and a fork!

MRS. É. Chocolate and strawberry—spoon, of course, waiter. I suppose you know *that*.

WAITER. Ice-cream? Yes, ma'am. We ain't got nothin' only verniller, ma'am. Yaas'm—all out of everythin' only verniller. What'll it be, ladies?

THE OLD CITY CHURCH.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

[This poem should be recited while a quartet or more voices are singing a hymn. The singers should be in an adjoining room, or otherwise placed so as to be invisible, and so that the music shall be subdued and not heard too prominently above the voice of the reader. During the first four lines let the sound of a bell be heard, as if in distance. This can be done by using a large iron triangle or a bar of iron—anything that will properly imitate a bell may be used. Let the singing begin at the fifth line.]

THE moon and the stars were shining down
On the silent streets of the mighty town,
And I heard the bells from a distant tower
Strike out the solemn midnight hour.
And then, as I stood in the shadows dim,
There came a sound of an old, old hymn,
And my heart was full of peaceful tears,
As I heard the hymn of my younger years.

I know not if I was dreaming there,
But the great streets melted away in air,
And there rose the church where I first had prayed;
I heard the notes of the organ played;
I saw the sun on the windows shine;
I felt my mother's hand in mine;
And my heart was full, and my eyes were dim
As we sang together the old, old hymn.

The morning broke, the church was gone,
The tramp of feet once more rang on;
But I turned again to the press of life,
With a heart refreshed for the ceaseless strife;
For I knew that, if only men will pray
With the simple faith of childhood's day,
In crowded city or lonely hill,
Our loving God will listen still.

THE RESURRECTED HEARTS.

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

SLOWLY the twilight was gathering in,
'Neath the rose-tinted wings of the West,
And softly the sun-birds were hushing their songs
And silently sinking to rest;
But lingering still was a lone mocking-bird,
That plaintively called to its mate,
And seemed, of all nature, the one saddened thing,
Save a form at the low, latticed gate.

A fair girlish form with a faultless girl face,
Of the matchless, true Southernly mold,
With a far-away look in the great soulful eyes,
That of heart-aches and tears plainly told;
While held in her hands was a snowy rosebud
With jasmine and violets entwined,
That she clasped and unclasped and fervently kissed,
And in kissing seemed comfort to find.

O rosebud and jasmine and violets sweet,
In you each lies a long-buried dream!
And to-night, with the odor that wells from your lips,
The past rushes by as a stream.
O eyes! with your tortures and tumult of tears,
O heart! with your sore, ceaseless pain,
From the present, with all of its anguish, arise,
And we'll gaze on the past once again.

* * * * * * *

A horseman often passed our gate—a gallant horseman he,
With darksome, laughing, love-lit eyes, that always smiled on me;

So oft in happy girlhood hours I sat beside the brim
Of some bright brooklet in the woods and wondering watched for him

I knew the ways he frequent' went, and some mysterious spell
Would hie me there and hold me there until I knew him well.
And one glad morn he smiling gave a rosebud rich and white,
And once he brought a jasmine spray, and once some violets bright.

So time on time we met and smiled till one soft summer day
He told me of the love he bore—had borne for me alway.
Then all my heart's long pent-up life was given to his care,
And truth and trust were mine for him, and trust and truth my share.

But still, I knew 'twas wrong, all wrong — this love we close concealed—
Our fathers' life-long enmity would to us never yield.
And o'er our dreams the doom of war burst suddenly one day;
His father donned the Federal Blue, and mine—Confederate Gray.

And he was of his father's will, while I must follow mine;
He said his cause was just and right; I answered: "Mine's divine!"
So there we severed soul from soul at duty's stern behest,
And there we buried both our hearts, while praying peace and rest.

On one side stood he and I on the other,
With only a low, gaping grave between;
We silently laid our hearts there together,
As the horsemen filed to the battle-scene.

Little they dreamed of the bonds that enbound us,
Little they dreamed of the heart-aching there;
Little they cared for the woe that enwound us,
E'en had our hearts to the world been bare,

Little they recked of our love for each other,
  Little they recked of the sharp, piercing pain,
As he stood on one side, and I on the other,
  Never, perchance, to meet there again.

Checked were the tears in their silent confession,
  Crushed were the sobs by a wild boundless will,
And sorrow that sought the face for expression,
  Was sternly bade to forever be still.

Yet, there lay our hearts all bleeding and broken,
  With never a word of the war-torn tie,
A tremulous glance was the only life-token,
  And now and anon a half-smothered sigh.

So we buried our hearts from all human seeing,
  A secret to all, save Him the most High;
Still, I feel in my soul that no other being
  Will love him, can love him, as truly as I.

* * * * * * * *

A horseman dashed up through the dusky twilight,
  And stopped at the low-latticed gate;
The mocking-bird trilled a heart-happy song:
  It, too, had called back its mate.
And the souls that seemed severed on earthdom for aye,
  Met and merged again into one;
And he whispered—while kissing the tear-stains away—
  "My darling, our sorrows are done;
And, in the lone grave that has held our crushed hearts,
  Thro' these fierce, yawning years of the fray,
'Neath a white rose and jasmine and violet mound
  We'll bury the Blue with the Gray."

THE TEN LITTLE SONGSTERS.

SEVEN wee birds on the limb of a tree
Were singing and swinging as gay as could be ;
Singing and swinging, flitting and fluttering,
Chatting and spatting, twittering, sputtering,
All in the best of good-nature of course,
Till it seemed as though each little throat would get hoarse.

Now, when the gay frolic was about at its height,
Three strangers appeared and prepared to alight;
Three demure little strangers with sorrowful faces,
Who sighed as they sat in the pleasantest places.
"I am grieved," said the eldest, with a sort of a wail
Of distress, and a sad little shake of his tail—
"I am grieved to hear singing, see gladness and mirth,
When there's sorrow and trouble all over the earth;
When through the wide world there is hardly a nation
Where some are not dying of thirst or starvation."

These words on the seven produced such a shock,
When up spoke the tiniest bird in the flock :
"If people are suffering and times are so bad,
We should try to make every one cheerful and glad,
Sing more and sing louder, it appears to me.
So, together ! chirrup, chirrup, chir-e-e-e !"
All joined with a will, and their gladsome singing
Set woods, and hills and valleys a-ringing,
Till the sound reached a lonely old woman in bed ;
"After all, life is still worth the living," she said,
"While the sun is so bright and the birds are so gay,"
And their glad music cheered her for many a day.
When the chorus began, the new-comers departed,
And they seemed, as before, very sad and down-hearted ;
But, strange to relate, as they flew out of sight,
The three were a-singing with all of their might.

HOW I KISSED HER.

GEORGE M. RITCHIE.

IN a parlor neat and cozy,
Sat myself and little Rosy:
We were very close together,
And I mused and wondered whether
I had better
Try to get her
By a kiss or two, or not,
Till myself I quite forgot;

And I up and tried to kiss her,
But a blunder made me miss her,
And I felt just like a fellow
Who had tumbled in a cellar.

I was paler than my collar
And she told me she would holler
If I tried again to kiss her;
But I thought I was a guesser,
And I guessed she was a-joking,
Though I felt myself a-choking;
For I loved my little Rosy,
In the parlor neat and cozy.

And I thought she was perfection;
Yet I knew her sweet inflection
Was a gentle upward sliding,
And was surely not betiding
Any evil set intention
That was worthy of a mention.
So I kissed her "fair and square;"
And she hollered, I declare,
Leaping, frightened, on a chair,

And, O horror! there her brother!
And her startled little mother!

"O my daughter," cried she, wild,
"What's the matter? O my child!"

"O dear mother," said sweet Rosy,
In the parlor neat and cozy,
"What a wretched, wretched house!
'Twas a horrid, horrid mouse."

O how happy was I then,
And I sat with her till ten;
And I kissed her, and I kissed her,
Till her face was most a blister!
And I wooed and won my Rosy,
In the parlor neat and cozy.

SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN.

"MADAM," said a man on a horse-car to the mother of a crying baby, "did you ever give the little one a drop of gin——"

"No, sir, I never did; and more than that, I never will! And I don't thank anybody for advising me to give my baby gin," snapped the mother.

"You're in too much of a hurry, madam," persisted the man; "I was only going to suggest that a little hot gin——"

"And I am surprised, sir," interrupted the woman, "that a man of respectable appearance like yourself should want an innocent child to begin drinking——"

"Will you allow me to finish what I wanted to say, madam? Why, I give my own daughter gin——"

"Well, you can't give it to mine. Conductor, let me out! This man insists upon advising me to give my child gin——"

"Yes—ginger tea for colic," shrieked the man, getting in the last word as the woman plunged out of the car.

A MODERN ELIJAH.

RICHARD YORKE.

HE was small and black—a child of an inferior race. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest the hero, and if you had told him that he was a hero he would scarcely have known what you meant.

One winter day he came into the hotel looking for a job. The office was brilliantly lighted and filled with a crowd of handsomely dressed men. There were politicians, club men, men about town, reporters, many members of the sporting fraternity, the usual loungers and hangers-on—all forming a startling background for the rags and filth of the poor, shivering, half-starved little darkey. It was no easy matter for him to steer his course to the desk, and when he got there the splendor of the man behind it dazed him so that his voice almost failed him. He had, however, even at his early age, reached a point where he had to work or starve. So his necessities made him eloquent. His eloquence prevailed, and on the next day he was placed on the pay-roll of the great hotel.

As a bell-boy he was not a success. I fear I must confess that he was lazy. People liked him—I do not know why—and for some reason or other he was a favorite with his employers. If he had not been they would have dismissed him before his first week was out. Instead of doing that, they concluded to find more congenial work for him, so they put him in charge of an elevator.

Among the passengers who used to ride up and down with the boy was a little five-year-old girl. She was as perfect a type of her race as he was of his. With her fair, white skin, golden hair, deep blue eyes and pretty womanly ways, the child was a favorite.

Between her and the boy a great friendship had sprung up. He was devotion itself, and his attentions to the little Caucasian were so grotesquely chivalrous as to be almost pathetic. She accepted them all with a dignity and grace that were charming. Her fam-

ily lived on the top floor, so the boy and girl saw much of each other. Once she was ill. The medicine that helped her most was a wretched little bouquet sent her by her dusky friend.

It was winter again. The evening of which I speak was very cold and clear. The stars were diamond-like in their brilliancy. Everything was frozen up—the wheels creaked on the snow. The great house was quiet. Most of the lights had been extinguished. The bell-boys were most of them asleep. The clerk was drowsing.

Two o'clock! The quiet deepened till it became almost oppressive. The air was heavy with it.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the house. There was life enough now. Scantily clad people scurried wildly through the smoke-filled corridors. They came plunging down the stairs to the office, and so out into the freezing night. Shrieks and curses and groans and prayers—it was babel broken loose. All the bells in the house were ringing. The smoke grew denser. It seemed to come from everywhere—above and below. Great black volumes rolled through the long halls. Outside, the streets were jammed with people. The engines, with their clanging gongs, hurried to the scene. Ladders were raised, and the work of rescue began.

It was time, for there was a white figure at almost every window. The awful wall loomed up in the darkness, story on story, dimly seen as to its upper half, for that part of it was wreathed in the blinding smoke. The smoke turned to flame—flame bursting through scores of windows. The terror-stricken creatures began to jump. The people in the street below were frantic.

"Back! back!" they shrieked. "Wait! we'll save you! don't jump!"

But what of the little black fellow in the elevator? He, too, had been asleep. He had been awakened as the others had been by the first cry of fire. Unlike them, he had that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" which Napoleon said was the rarest sort. In an instant he decided that it was his duty to stick to his post. Up and down he went, and every time his car touched the office

floor it was loaded with people. The journey was a frightful one, but he did not shrink. How long he could continue to make the trip he could not tell. The elevator might drop any minute. Very well, let it drop. Some of the people in it might survive the shock. It was sure to catch fire sooner or later. Even then he would be on the way to safety with his passengers. And, at any rate, he knew that he could bring some people out of the fire burning above.

He had not been good at going upstairs, but he could run his elevator. Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last. The fireman at the bottom of the shaft, to whom he turned over his living freight, sought to stop him in his dangerous work. The whole well was full of smoke, and far up toward the roof the fire could be seen.

Still he kept on, and it did seem that every time he started skyward he was going to certain death. But he knew that the rooms and halls were swarming with people, and he would take any chance to save a life. All at once he remembered that he had seen nothing of his little friend.

Could he weather the flames once more? He could try. He pulled the rope, and the journey began.. It was slow, oh, how slow! The smoke was terrible—worse even than the fire—but he held his breath and fixed his mind upon the business in hand.

The flames kindled the woodwork of the car. He fell on his hands and knees, but he kept his hold on the rope. At last he reached her floor. He found her room and found her. She was asleep and alone.

Wrapping her in a rug which he snatched from the floor, he struggled through the flames and smoke back to the burning car. "Back from the jaws of hell" it was that he brought her, fighting the fire away from her every inch of the way down. He had just strength enough to stop the car.

The children were taken out and carried to a drug-store across the street — the girl alive and well and the boy seemingly dead. He was horribly burned. Among the people who stood around were the parents of the little girl. They had been out to an even-

ing party, and returning found their home on fire. Every effort had been made in response to the agonizing appeals of the father to save the child—and now here she was, safe and sound, laughing in her mother's arms.

And the hero? He opened his eyes.

"Did I bring her froo all right?"

"Yes, yes," said the father, "and how can we ever thank you for what you have done?"

"Nebber min' 'bout dat, boss. Ef she's safe dat's nuff for me" —and he closed his eyes.

Dead? Yes, dead and gone to heaven in a chariot of fire!

THE MATCH-MAKING MAMMA.

MY married daughter could you see, I'm sure you would be struck;
My daughters all are charming girls, few mothers have such luck.
My married one, my eldest child, all hearts by magic wins;
And my second so resembles her most people think them twins.

My married daughter spoils her spouse; she's quite a pattern wife;
And he adores her—well he may—few men lead such a life!
She ne'er had married mortal man had he not won her heart,
And my second treasure's just the same; they're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has pressed my hand while tears were in his eyes,
And said: "You brought my Susan up — with you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife, I own was all my aim;
And my second is domestic, too, my system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought the eldest of the two
(She's married, so I may speak out) would just have suited you!
You never saw her? How shall I my eldest girl portray?
Oh! my second is her counterpart, and her you'll meet to-day.

A WOMAN'S HATE.

"I HATE you, I hate you!" the maiden said,
And her eyelids drooped and her face grew red,
And she turned from her lover and hung her head.

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair,
And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair,
As she stole a glance at her lover there.

And he—these men are so full of guile;
His eyes a-glistening with mirth the while—
Looked calmly on, with a doubting smile.

"I hate you, I hate you!" she said again,
And she tapped her toe on the carpet then,
As if each tap were a stab at men.

Her lip was a-quiver, her eyes in mist,
Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods kissed,
Were bathed in the essence of amethyst.

And then her lover, with a startled look,
Grew serious quite, and his face forsook
The confident glow which it erstwhile took.

And "Oh, very well," as he rose to go;
"And if it please you to have it so,
Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know."

He took one step, but a-sudden turned—
Oh, much the sweetest is bliss unearned!—
And looked in the tear-wet eyes that yearned.

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined
Around his neck. Oh, a woman's mind
Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head,
And he kissed her cheek, which was still rose-red;
"You know I hate you!" was all she said.

BRER RABBIT AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"ONE time, after Brer Rabbit done bin trompin' 'roun' hunt-in' up some sallid fer ter make out his dinner wid, he fine hisse'f in de neighborhoods er Mr. Man's house, en he pass 'long twel he come ter de gyardin gate, en nigh the gyardin gate he see Little Gal playin' 'roun' in de san'. W'en Brer Rabbit look 'twix' de gyardin palins en see de colluds, en de sparrer-grass, en de yuther gyardin truck growin' dar, hit make he mouf water. Den he take en walk up ter de Little Gal, Brer Rabbit did, en bow, en scrape his foot, en talk mighty nice en slick.

"'Howdy, Little Gal,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'how you come on?' sezee.

"Den de Little Gal, she 'spon' howdy, she did, en she ax Brer Rabbit how he come on, en Brer Rabbit, he 'low he mighty po'ly. En den he ax ef dis de Little Gal w'at 'er pa live up dar in de big w'ite house, w'ch de Little Gal, she up'n say 'twer'. Brer Rabbit he say he mighty glad, kase he des bin up dar fer ter see 'er pa, en he say dat 'er pa, he sont 'im out dar fer ter tell de Little Gal dat she mus' open de gyardin gate so Brer Rabbit kin go in en git some truck. Den de Little Gal she jump 'roun', she did, en she open de gate, en wid dat, Brer Rabbit he hop in, he did, en got 'im a mess er greens, en hop out ag'in, en w'en he gwine off he make his bow, he did, en tell de Little Gal dat he much 'bleege, en den atter dat he put out fer home.

"Nex' day, Brer Rabbit he hide out, he did, twel he see de Little Gal come out ter play, en den he put up de same tale, en walk off wid an'er mess er truck, en hit keep on dis away, twel bimeby Mr. Man, he 'gunter miss his greens, en he keep on a-missin' un um, twel he gotter excusin' eve'body on de place er

'stroyin' un um, en w'en dat come ter pas', de Little Gal, she up'n say :

"'My goodness, pa!' sez she, 'you done tole Mr. Rabbit fer ter come en make me let 'im in de gyardin atter some greens, en ain't he done come en ax me, en ain't I done gone en let 'im in?' sez she.

"Mr. Man ain't hatter study long 'fo' he see how de lan' lay, en den he laff, en tell de Little Gal dat he done gone en disremember all 'bout Mr. Rabbit, en den he up'n say, sezee :

"'Nex' time Brer Rabbit come, you tak'n tu'n 'im in, en den you run des ez fas' ez you kin en come en tell me, kase I got some bizness wid dat young chap dat's 'bleeged ter be 'tend ter,' sezee.

"Sho nuff, nex' mawnin' dar wuz de Little Gal playin' 'roun', en yer come Brer Rabbit atter his 'lowance er greens. He wuz ready wid de same tale, en den de Little Gal she tu'n him in, she did, en den she run up ter der house en holler :

"'Oh, pa! pa! Oh, pa! Yer Brer Rabbit in de gyardin now! Yer he is, pa!'

"Den Mr. Man he rush out en grab up a fishin' line w'at wuz hangin' in de back po'ch, en make fer de gyardin, en w'en he git dar, dar wuz Brer Rabbit tromplin' 'roun' on de strawbe'y-bed en mashin' down de termartusses. W'en Brer Rabbit see Mr. Man, he squot behine a collud leaf, but 'twe'n't no use. Mr. Man done seed him, en 'fo' you kin count 'leven, he done got ole Brer Rabbit tie hard en fas' wid de fishin' line. Atter he done got 'im tie good, Mr. Man step back, he did, en say, sezee :

"'You done been fool me lots er time, but dis time yo're mine. I'm gwinter take you en gin you a larrupin',' sezee, 'en den I'm gwinter skin you en nail yo' hide on de stable do',' sezee; 'en den to make sho dat you git de right kinder larrupin', I'll des step up ter de house,' sezee, 'en fetch de little red cowhide, en den I'll take en gin you brinjer,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Man call ter de Little Gal ter watch Brer Rabbit w'iles he gone.

"Brer Rabbit ain't sayin' nothin', but Mr. Man ain't mo'n out de gate 'fo' he 'gun ter sing; en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a

singer, mon," continued Uncle Remus, with unusual emphasis, "en w'en he chuned up fer ter sing he make dem yuther creeturs hol' der bref."

"What did he sing, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Ef I ain't fergit dat song off'n my min'," said Uncle Remus, looking over his spectacles at the fire, with a curious air of attempting to remember something, "hit run sorter dis yer way:

"'De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun';
De squir'l he holler from de top er de tree,
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun';
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole he hide in de groun'.'

"W'en de Little Gal hear dat, she laugh, she did, en she up'n ax Brer Rabbit fer ter sing some mo', but Brer Rabbit he sorter cough, he did, en 'low dat he got a mighty bad ho'seness down inter his win'pipe som'ers. De Little Gal she swade en swade, en bimeby Brer Rabbit, he up'n 'low dat he kin dance mo' samer dan w'at he kin sing. Den de Little Gal she ax 'im won't he dance, en Brer Rabbit he 'spon' how in de name er goodness kin a man dance w'iles he all tie up dis away, en den de Little Gal she say she kin ontie 'im, en Brer Rabbit he say he ain't keerin' ef she do. Wid dat de Little Gal she retch down en enloose de fish-line, en Brer Rabbit he sorter stretch hisse'f en look 'roun'."

Here Uncle Remus paused and sighed, as though he had relieved his mind of a great burden. The little boy waited a few minutes for the old man to resume, and finally he asked:

"Did the rabbit dance, Uncle Remus?"

"Who? Him?" exclaimed the old man with a queer affectation of elation. "Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit gedder up his footses und' 'im, en he dance outer dat gyardin, en he dance home. He did dat! Sho'ly you don't speck dat a ole-timer w'at done had 'spe'unce like Brer Rabbit gwine ter stay dar en let dat ar Mr. Man sackyfice 'im? Shoo! Brer Rabbit dance, but he dance home. You hear me?"

OUR DRUMMER BOY.

FRED HILDRETH.

A LULL in the battle's awful roar,
And among the dying and dead
Lay our "Drummer Boy," in the foremost rank,
While the golden curls on his head
Were matted now as the oozing blood
Marked the track of a rifle-ball,
And no "Little John" answered proudly, "Here,"
When we heard the sergeant's call.

"Say, Bill," said a gray-haired battery-man,
As he leaned on his smoking gun,
"There's many a home that our shot has wrecked
Since the rising of the sun;
And there's many a heart that our guns have lulled
To sleep on war's gory bed.
What's that you say! 'Little Drummer John'
In the foremost line lies dead?"

Dead! dead! and the tears from his great honest eyes
Coursed down on his powder-stained cheek.
"Why, that drum saved the day six months ago,
When we fought at Peachtree Creek.
And along the lines at Mission Ridge,
And on Sherman's March to the Sea,
Our Drummer Boy, as he marched in the van,
Was a wonderful sight to see.

"Dead on the field; what'll Uncle Bill* say?
For he loved that Drummer Boy,
And many a time I've seen his grave eyes
Light up with both pride and joy,
As he watched him beat, with steady hand,

* General W. T. Sherman.

Gay cheering notes from his drum,
And pictured a pair of shoulder-straps
For him in the days to come.

"Dear little Johnnie, no kith nor kin,
But the child of our whole brigade;
There's many an eye that'll fill with tears,
When his form 'neath the earth is laid.
Perhaps, old mate, in a fairer land,
He'll wait for me and you,
And the first thing we hear when we cross the line
Will be his drum's tattoo."

SUPPOSIN'.

EVA WILDER M'GLASSON.

SUPPOSIN', ez I'm settin' upon this corn-field fence,
The tassels wavin' round me, all budded out immense,
A clover bank below me, whar bees are settin' dense—

Supposin' I should see her a-steppin' up the road!
Her pooty face a-smilin' ez cute ez if she knowed
I like her heaps, but dassent go tell the little toad!

An' supposin' ez her footfall kem nigh an' nigher still,
My no 'count pesky speret should give a powerful thrill,
An' set my tongue a-waggin' to speak out what's my will.

An' how I jest completely am sech a jack that I
Hain't got my wits about me whenever she drors nigh—
I'm like a owl when sun-up is yellerin' the sky!

"But now," I'd say—supposin' a blush should take her cheek,
"I'm growed thet bold an' brassy a lion 'pears right meek,
An' I ask yeh fer to hev me!" law thet's the way I'd speak!

An' then—but shucks! what triflin'! ef she was here, why, shoo!
I'd only blush an' wriggle an' stammer out, "Thet you?
Why, howdy, Miss Clorindy!" an' she'd say, "Howdy-do!"

HOW GRANDPA PROPOSED.

"TELL you how grandpa proposed? Dear me!"
And grandma nodded her silvery head.
(Her hair was like gold in the days that were old,
But the years had brought silver instead.)
"How your grandpa proposed? Dear me!
Well, it happened the eve before Christmas, you see—
[How grandma's dark eyes shone!]
And this tiny gold heart and this tiny gold key,
Your grandpa brought them and gave them to me.
'I have brought you my heart. Will you keep it?' said he.
'It will open to you, dear, alone.'
And when in the heart I had fitted the key
[What a flush on the dear old face!]
I found that the space—just a large enough place—
Held the tiniest picture of me!
'Will you live in my heart forever?' said he—
And that's how your grandpa proposed, dear, to me.
And you think it as 'sweet as it ever could be?'
Well, I thought so myself," said she.

THE LADY WITH A TRAIN.

IN the rain with her train
In one hand,
While the other holds th' umbrella,
Till old Boreas, naughty fellow,
Blows a blast.
Then it flops, and it drops,
And it sags, and it drags,
And it gathers, gathers, gathers,
All the sticky slime that lathers

Pavement, crossing, till, oh, lud!
She's another name for mud!
Gloves are spoiled, temper broiled,
High-day, hey day! it is plain
The train now wags the lady
And the lady not the train.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

VIOLET FANE.

HEAR me this once, my husband; you who deem
Me stern and cold—not loving mine own child,
Our first-born son—your darling and your heir,
The child you mourn to-day! Hear me this once,
Nay, do not *hear*, but read these written words
When my sad voice is silent. Learn at last
The story of these miserable years
During the which I did my best to seem
A happy wife and mother.

You remember
That day of days, just twenty years ago,
When, on the terrace walk, amongst the yews,
You said you loved me? All the world was still.
I can remember ev'ry word you said
On that too blessed ev'ning. How the years
Had glided by, since you, a sailor lad,
The second son of your illustrious house,
And I—a baby girl—your rector's daughter,
Had played together 'neath those very trees
In old departed days, and how, anon,
Ere you had deemed it possible—so fast
Tripped the light-footed years—you came and found
Your playmate grown to woman, and how your heart

Had yearned toward her! Yet, because you knew
Your life to be so shifting and unstable,
You strove against your love. And then, you told
The story of your elder brother's death,
And how your father's, following so soon,
Had left you lord of all, and changed your fate;
Then, London and its snares you spoke of next;
The careless, pleasure-seeking, empty life;
And how, at first, all this had seemed to you
The best that life could yield, until, at last,
You longed for something nobler than this strife
For mere amusement; one, at least, to share
Your so-called pleasures, and be gladder for them;
A human life to bless, a face to beam
And brighten at your coming; your mother,
Working upon your mood, had led your mind
To centre upon one who proved unworthy,
And made you deem all women vain and base,
Until one Sunday, in your village church,
You saw me standing singing in the choir
Dressed all in white—for it was summer time.

My love, my life! in those too happy days
I swear the very semblance of a lie
Had never passed my lips; upon my youth
The watchful and all-seeing eye of God
Seemed ever looking down, to keep it pure.
Albeit a humble maiden, set apart,
God knows how I fell when temptation came!

I like to muse
Now, in my wretchedness, upon that day
When, after church, hard by my mother's grave,
With the great organ pealing down the aisle,
You spoke, and took my hand, and read my heart!
The golden moments flew, and then, at last,
Came that blest evening, when the giant yews

Were black against the blushing summer sky,
And Night was near at hand, to fold her wings
Over two happy lovers! Was I cold,
Or stern, or obdurate, in those dear days
As you have called me since? Did not my heart,
My very soul, go forth to meet your love?
And then our wedded days! Oh, if I erred
I knew it not—receiving only praise
For ev'ry action; nay, then all went well!

Your mother came.
That was our first awak'ning from a dream
Of sweet contentment. She was dear to me,
Being your mother; I, to her less dear,
Being your wife—the girl who crossed her plans.
(This knowledge reached me slowly.) I would cast
No blame on her, nor yet on faithful Alice,
My more than second mother—once my nurse—
(God grant her soul repose, and give me grace
Only to blame the guilty!) Yet, their sighs
And lamentations, at the childless house,
Made the now growing hunger at my heart
The more insatiate. Thus the days went by.

And now, it seemed, some transformation swept
Athwart your spirit. You were noble, kind,
And generous as ever, but some link
That bound us in the past seemed snapped and gone.
Yet always, when I asked did you love me,
You answered, you had proved it, could I doubt?
But never, now, as in the dear old days,
The precious words we women long to hear
Leaped to your lips unasked! And once at night,
When you were lying dreaming by my side,
I heard you echo, in sleep, your mother's moan:
"A childless home!" Then, waking up, you said

'Twas strange your race had dwindled to one man
And he unworthy, lapped in aimless ease.

All this while,
Early and late, one prayer was in my soul
And on my lips! Ah, wherefore, Lord of heaven,
Did I not go on beating out my heart
In prayer and supplication at Thy feet?
Had I proved patient, all in Thy good time
Thou wouldst have lent an ear to my complaint!
One hope possessed me. Now, ten married years,
Bringing no diminution of my love,
Had glided by, and still the childless hearth;
Whilst she who once had wellnigh been your wife
Had borne her husband seven stalwart sons;
And round about, in all the cottage homes,
Were piping voices heard, and pattering feet.
Then crouched the tempting demon at mine ear
And whispered low: "His love is on the wane,
Ere it elude thee quite, seize on the means
Beneath thine hand; set mind and will to work,
Achieve thine end, and earn thy sure reward!"
(Read on, and as you read, knowing me dead,
Forgive and pity!)

You remember how,
From grief at losing you, I scarce could hold
The warm tears back, when you departed hence
For but one little week? Yet, when you went
Your long projected voyage round the world
I did not weep. Alone, I nursed my hope,
Matured my project; Alice, faithful Alice,
(Nay, foolish, guilty Alice!) aiding me.
I do believe I would have sold my soul
For that first letter, after you had read
My joyful news! You had been months away,

When, at the very uttermost end of earth,
You learned that God had hearkened to my prayer,
And then you wrote. I, falling on my knees,
Thanked heaven for those sweet words!

Could I retract,
Go back from my intent, once having read?
Having regained your heart, re-made you mine,
Recaptured my lost treasure? When we met,
Ronald, the blue-eyed boy you mourn to-day,
Lay sleeping in my arms. Can I forget
Your silent greeting? Yes, your heart was mine,
I had reconquered it!. My love, my life,
For just the time it takes to read these lines
Try to be me; to see things as I saw
With my poor woman's eyes.

Last night you said,
Looking on Ronald as he lay in death,
These bitter words: "You never loved my boy,
Our eldest born. You ever favored Frank,
Your second son, as having more of you—
Your face, your disposition! But I swear
Here, by the coffin of my dear dead boy,
That little Frank, for all his winning ways,
Can never conquer in his father's heart
The place that once was Ronald's!"
These, your words, went to my heart,
Stabbed my heart like a knife! I did love him
Ere Frank was born! Who was as proud as I
On his first birthday, when the bonfire crowned
Yon purple hill and lit the lake with flame?
Or who more grateful, when your tenants traced
A likeness to so many of your race
Stamped on his baby features? "God is kind
And helping me" (I thought). "He reads the heart;
He heard the bitter cry—the ardent prayer."

What wonder, then, this child, so full of life
And strength and beauty, seemed like a link
To bind your heart to mine, should come to be
For three short years, my darling and my pride!

"For three short years!" and then, my Frank was born—
My very own! And God's avenging hand
Descended like a two-edged sword to smite
My guilty heart, and all was turned to tears
And secret bitterness. You loved not Frank
As you loved Ronald. 'Twas as though the want,
The longing, of your life had been assuaged;
Your heart so filled, you had no need of him.
You cared for him with all a father's care,
But ever with a difference; whilst I
Loved him as Ronald never had been loved,
With all a mother's passion for a son
Born after years of longing—for the child
Of her one love, the husband of her heart!
Oh, read and pity! All these seven years
Since Frank was born, my life has been a hell
Of torment and remorse! Ronald, the first,
Ever before my boy! Why was he tall,
And strong, and bold, and daring, and my boy
Thoughtful and gentle, with a dreamer's mind,
A student's nature? "Having more of me,"
You said, and said I loved him most for this;
Nay! more of *you!* Ah, husband, let your curse
Fall lightly on my head—the head of one
So humbled and abased! No drop of blood
Of yours, of mine, of your illustrious sires,
E'er flowed in Ronald's veins! The child you mourn
Was but a pauper foundling; Alice knew
His mother's name, and knew that he should prove
A stalwart, comely lad, but she is dead!
(Peace to her soul!) Ah, look into your heart

And understand what brought my own to this,
And read and pardon !
When the tidings came
That both the boys, whilst sailing on the lake,
Had sunk together, and that one was saved
Whilst one had perished, in my agony
I prayed. Ah, no ! I did not pray for Ronald,
But for our own sweet child ! And God has heard
Who would not hear before, and Frank is safe !
But, even as I clasped him in my arms,
I saw the look of anguish in your eyes
And knew that you had prayed another prayer,
A prayer that was not granted ! I, too, mourn
That brave young life, yet scarce have time for tears ;
Let him be laid beside me, I may prove
A better mother to the boy in death !
How could I live on, knowing that you knew,
To meet your scorn, who, having lost your love,
Risked heaven to regain it ?
Fare you well,
Love of my life ! 'Tis with a twofold aim
I make my mute confession : To implant
Some germ of consolation in your breast
(If this were possible) for Ronald's death,
Who was no kith or kin to you or me ;
And next, to plead for Frank, to ask for him
That first place in your heart, till now denied.
Once it was mine, my love, but I have vanished
And passed into the everlasting shade.
The place is empty ; these are my last words :
Give it to Frank, your own, our only child !

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Austin, Alfred (1835—).—Born at Headingly, England, and was graduated from the University of London. He entered the bar in 1857, but soon gave up law for literature, becoming a welcome contributor to periodicals. His work, "The Seasons: a Satire," was published in 1861, followed by "The Human Tragedy" (1862); "Poetry of the Period" (1870); "Savonarola" (1881), a tragedy. He has edited the British *National Review* since its start.

Bernhardt, Sarah (1845-7—).—Born in Amsterdam of Hebrew parentage, her father being French and her mother Dutch. Though educated at a convent, she decided to become an actress, and obtained admission to the Paris Conservatoire through her excellent reciting of La Fontaine's "Les Deux Pigeons." After a year's study she took a prize, which gave her the privilege of a debut at the Théâtre Français, and she accordingly appeared there in 1862 as *Iphigénie*, not, however, scoring much success. Other roles proving equally unsatisfactory, she essayed humbler parts, working her way up until she made a hit in Dumas's "Kean," in which she took the leading role. Since then she has been successful everywhere in such plays as "Phædre," "Marriage of Figaro," "Hernani," "Le Dame aux Camelias," "Ruy Blas," "Rome Vaincu," "La Tosca." During the siege of Paris she took an active part as nurse, even leaving the stage for a time. Her London debut in 1879 marked even greater triumphs for her than in Paris. In 1880 she made a tour of the principal American cities. Her impersonations are very sympathetic and expressive, her action being marvelously subtle and magnetic. In person she is slender almost to emaciation, but she possesses wonderful nerve-force that carries everything before it. Besides her ability on the stage, she is a sculptor and a painter of considerable skill, showing a thoroughly artistic temperament. The reading by which she is represented in this collection introduces her to the public in the role of a littérateur, in which role she displays the same ability that has characterized her entire career.

Buckham, James.—This writer is one of the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and has published a volume, "Lora: a Romance in Verse" (1881), under the *nom de plume* of "Paul Pastnor." He has written some charming verses.

Bunyan, John (1628-1688).—A very popular religious writer, born at Elstow, England. While a mere lad he enlisted in the parliamentary army, and escaped death at the battle of Leicester by substituting a comrade at his post of sentry. For several years his conscience troubled him as to his life, but he finally became converted and was for a long time pastor of a Baptist

church at Bedford, where his preaching drew crowds. On week-days he followed his trade of tinker. At the Restoration he was imprisoned as a dissenter, spending the next 12 years in prison, where his famous "Pilgrim's Progress" was written. The book was instantly successful, 100,000 copies being sold during the author's lifetime. It is without doubt the greatest allegory ever written. The second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" appeared in 1684, followed by "Holy War," "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," and other works, numbering in all about 60. He died of fever, Aug. 31. His writings are characterized by a simplicity and earnestness of style that interest young and old alike. He is one of the comparatively few writers whose works are accepted by both critics and the masses.

Bürger, Gottfried August (1747–1794).—A German lyric poet, born at Molmerswende, Dec. 31. As a boy he showed small liking for study, though he was always fond of verse. He studied both theology and law. His student days were reckless and wild, but his ambition becoming roused, he devoted himself to the classics, particularly to the "Percy Reliques" and Shakespeare. He was married thrice, all turning out unhappily. Much of his life was spent in miserable poverty, and his bread was earned largely by literary hack-work. He died June 8, at Göttingen. Among his poems none is better liked by Germans than is "Lenore," so ably translated for this collection by Alfred Ayres. His writings have been several times edited, the best edition appearing in four volumes (1796–8), by Reinhard.

Campbell, Thomas (1777–1844).—A distinguished poet, born at Glasgow. His first work, "Pleasures of Hope," published at the age of 21, showed marked talent. Other of his writings are: "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Specimens of the British Poets," and numerous prose works. He excelled as a critic.

Cloud, Marietta F.—Born and educated in Pennsylvania, a graduate in elocution, her literary work has been desultory, much being written for her own use. Among her poems and prose sketches are: "Women's Power," "The Cry of the Magdalen," "Thou Art the Man," "A Chapter of Life."

Culbertson, Anne Virginia.—A young writer, born in Ohio, the daughter of a retired surgeon of the army, and descended from old Pennsylvania and Virginia families. She was graduated from Putnam Seminary, and has made a specialty of modern languages, with some attention to music. The prose of life, however, has not been neglected, for in 1888 she taught the School of Cookery at the Ohio Centennial, and has conducted classes in cooking in various parts of the country since. Her literary work has been chiefly in the form of newspaper correspondence, but her preference is for writing poetry, which comes very easy to her. For personal reading, however, she prefers prose, and never reads the verse of other people. Her verse has appeared in magazines and newspapers and has been quite widely copied. It has not yet been collected in book form.

Cummins, Mrs. Ella Sterling.—This author is a native Californian, having been born in the placer mines, and in infancy rocked in a gold rocker. Her education was obtained mostly at home, under the direction of her mother, a woman of refined literary taste. A marked influence upon her mind was made later by the companionship of her husband, the late Adley H. Cummins,

a lawyer of great scholarship and rare attainments, being master of 60 languages and dialects. She began to write fairy stories as soon as she could spell, some being published when she was but 10 years old. As it is always the lighter things in literature that attract attention, so it is that the "Children's Fan Brigade," which appeared in 1881, made her known to a larger circle of readers than any previous work. Her writings have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Outing*, *Lippincott's*, *Werner's Voice Magazine*, and other periodicals. In 1880 she published a novel, "The Little Mountain Princess," now out of print. She is now finishing two novels, which will shortly appear. As lady manager of the California Commission for San Francisco, she is organizing a society to assist her in making a literary exhibit of Californian writers for the Columbian Exposition, and in connection with this will issue in book form her sketches upon these writers, which series has been appearing as a regular department in the S. F. *Wasp*. Besides the "Fan Brigade," she has prepared several very successful entertainments for children, among them being "A Children's Night," "The Princess of Topolobampo," "The Arabian Nights," the last given in 1891 for four consecutive nights and a matinee.

Frost, Thomas.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Gordon, Armistead Churchill (1855—).—A Virginian, born Dec. 20, and a lawyer by profession. He collaborated with Thomas Nelson Page in writing "Befo' de War" (1888), a volume of negro dialect, in which line he excels. He contributes light literature to the leading periodicals.

Harbaugh, Thomas Chalmers (1849—).—Born in Maryland, Jan. 13, but removed in childhood to Ohio, where he has since lived. He is a professional journalist, and has written some excellent verse for recitational purposes. He has published two collections of poems, "Maple Leaves" (1883); "Poems of the Blue" (1891), both books passing through several editions. Among the magazines for which he writes are: *Golden Days*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Golden Hours;* he is assistant editor of the Piqua *Dispatch*. His chief work is for the various libraries.

Harbour, J. L. (1855—).—The author of the charming study of childhood, "Papa and the Boy," which, to quote Mr. Harbour's own words, is drawn from "a very real boy indeed," was born at Oskaloosa, Iowa, March 31, and was educated entirely in country schools. His first work appeared in the *Youth's Companion* when he was 20 years of age. Since that time he has contributed to it over 100 short stories and several hundred sketches, and has been a member of the editorial staff of the paper for the last seven years. His writings have also appeared in *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People*, *Puck*, and other leading periodicals. As yet, no collection of his work has been made in book form.

Harris, Joel Chandler (1848—).—"Uncle Remus," as this writer is widely called on account of his delightful and popular sketches of darky life, purporting to come from the lips of an old negro so named, was born in Georgia, Dec. 9. At the age of 14 he learned the trade of printer, through apprenticeship to a country paper, in which his first literary work appeared. After filling various positions on Southern papers, he accepted a place on the staff of the Atlanta *Constitution* while Henry W. Grady was editor, and at Mr. Grady's death, in 1889, became chief editor. His negro sketches appeared first in the *Constitution*, being collected and published in book form under the

title, "Uncle Remus: his Songs and Sayings" (1880). Other books are: "Mingo, and Other Sketches" (1883); "Nights with Uncle Remus" (1884); "Daddy Jake, the Runaway" (1889). He may be called the negro folk-lore chronicler of the South.

Horton, George.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Johnson, James Noel (1864—).—Born at Morehead, Ky., Jan. 17, and educated in Missouri, he was admitted to the bar at the age of 20. Entered journalism, and was for several years city editor of the Springfield, Mo., *Daily Herald,* being known throughout that State as "the bald hornet of the Ozarks." He has contributed poems and stories to the Boston *Pilot, Drake's Magazine,* Pittsburgh *Bulletin,* N. Y. *Sun* and *Herald, Epoch,* Detroit *Free Press,* and other leading papers. He is a professional "joker," many of the bright bits that appear in the papers coming from his pen.

Kipling, Rudyard.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Lewis, Charles Bertrand (1842—).—This writer, better known by his *nom de plume* of "M. Quad," was born in Ohio, Nov. 15, and educated at the Michigan Agricultural College. He entered the army during the late war, remaining two years. Became a staff writer on the Detroit *Free Press* in 1869, winning reputation in his peculiar line of sketch work. He is author of the famous Lime Kiln Club papers, which have been gathered into a volume.

McGlasson, Mrs. Eva Wilder.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

McLoughlin, Maurice E.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Macon, John Alfred (1851—).—Born in Alabama, Nov. 15, and educated at the University of Virginia, he at once entered the ranks of journalism, accepting a position on the editorial staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and later on the N. Y. *World.* His only published work is a volume of dialect, "Uncle Gabe Tucker" (1881).

Miller, Joaquin.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Pearre, O. F.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Perry, Carlotta.—For sketch see No. 6 of this series.

Ritchie, George Metzler (1864—). —Born in Iowa, March 16. At an early age engaged in work first on a farm, then as machinist. Later he attended school at Kansas City, and there became interested in elocution and literary work, taking the road as lecturer and reader. In 1888 became a teacher at Heidelberg College, going from there to Adrian College and thence to the Inter-Lake Business College, where he has taught for two years. His first work appeared in the *Independent Forester.* He has also contributed to *Werner's Voice Magazine.* His work is specially adapted for recitation.

Sage, Agnes Carolyn.—Born in Brooklyn, she removed when a child to Oswego, N. Y., and was educated chiefly at home and in private schools, graduating at Dearborn Female Seminary, Chicago, where she was for four years. She began to write short stories and poems at the age of 7, being en-